

Poetry

ORIGINAL & SELECTED



Drawn by G. Smeaton.

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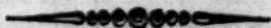
GLASGOW

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POETRY;

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.



*With wayworn feet a Pilgrim woe begone
Life's upward road I journied many a day,
And hymning many a sad yet soothing lay
Beguil'd my wandering with the charms of song.
Lonely my heart and rugged was my way,
Yet often pluck'd I as I pass'd along
The wild and simple flowers of Poesy.
————— and scorn not thou
The humble offering. ———*

SOUTHEY.



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1797

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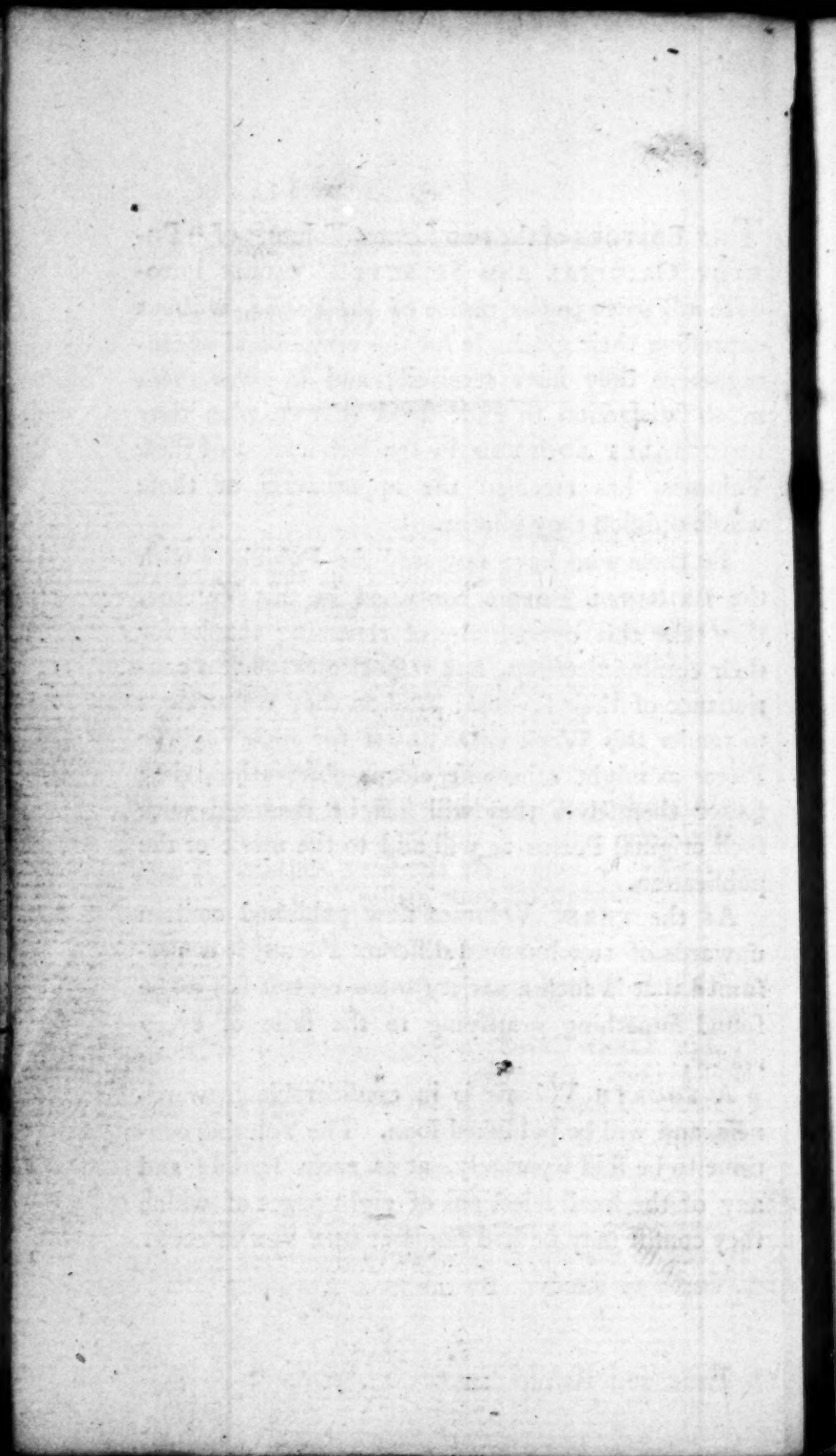


THE EDITORS of the two former Volumes of "POETRY ORIGINAL AND SELECTED" cannot introduce a THIRD to the notice of the Public, without expressing their gratitude for the very liberal encouragement they have received; and it gives them much satisfaction to understand that the plan they ORIGINALLY ADOPTED in the publication of these Volumes, has received the approbation of those whose opinion they esteem.

To those who have favoured the Publishers with the ORIGINAL POEMS contained in this Volume, they take this opportunity of returning thanks for their communications, and respectfully solicit a continuance of their favours: And as they are anxious to render this Work an ASYLUM for such Fugitive Pieces as might otherwise escape observation, they flatter themselves they will still be favoured with such original Poems as will add to the merit of the publication.

As the THREE Volumes now published contain upwards of two hundred different Poems, it is presumed that in such a variety there cannot fail to be found something gratifying to the taste of every reader.

A FOURTH Volume is in considerable forwardness, and will be published soon. The Volumes continue to be sold separately, at 2s. each, sewed; and any of the small selections of eight pages of which they consist may be had singly at ONE PENNY each.



VOLUME THIRD CONTAINS,

I.

1. ADDRESS from the Genius of Caledonia, to his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, on the supposition of a French Invasion, written by Robert Burns of Hamilton.
2. Emma: a Song, on the approach of Summer. Tune "Johnny's Grey Brecks. By ditto.
3. Jenny: a Song. By Ditto.

II.

4. Address to Clydesdale. By Robert Burns of Hamilton.
5. Kattie: a Song. By the same Author. Tune, "Jolly Mortals fill your glasses."

III.

6. Ode to Temperance. By Robert Burns of Hamilton.
7. The Lover Cured: a Song. Tune, "A' that, and a' that. By ditto.
8. Anna: a Song. Tune, "Cowden Knows." By Ditto.

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9. Stanzas on the Invasion, addressed to Scotland. By one of the Royal Glasgow Volunteers.
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XIII.

28. Caledonia: a favourite Scots Song. Tune, "Humours of Glen." By Robert Burns the Ayrshire Poet.
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32. Colin: a Pastoral Elegy to the Memory of Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Poet.

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- 56. Song, "O waly waly up the bank."
- 57. Song, "Hard is the fate of him who loves." By James Thomson, author of the Seasons.
- 58. Song, "The night her silent fable wore." Tune, "She rose and loot me in."

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- 60. Poetical Reveries on seeing Children at play.
- 61. Epigram.



ADDRESS
FROM THE
GENIUS OF CALEDONIA,
TO
HIS GRACE
THE
DUKE OF HAMILTON,
ON THE SUPPOSITION
OF A
FRENCH INVASION.

To which are added,
TWO SONGS.

BY ROBERT BURNS
OF HAMILTON.

*Creation smiles on ilka side,
In lively green the fields appear;
While Cuckoos publish far and wide,
That Summer's florid beauty's near.*

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE two Poems, "ECHO OF FRIAR'S CARSE
HERMITAGE", and "AVON'S STREAMS, A DIRGE,"
written by Robert Burns of Hamilton, inserted in the
second Volume of Poetry, Original and Selected, having
been very favourably received by the Public, has induced
him to submit the following to their notice.



ADDRESS
TO
HIS GRACE
THE
DUKE OF HAMILTON.

I.

NOR yet the primrose modest flower
Had deck'd the mountain side;
Nor yet the daffodil had shewn
Her deep dy'd yellow pride.

II.

But clear the sky, unusual clear,
That usher'd in the morn;
And bright the drops, unusual bright,
That twinkled on the thorn.

III.

When led by Avon's crystal stream,
The winding banks among;
With list'ning ear, I careless stray'd
To hear the woodland song.

IV.

Then lo! in Caledonian dress,
A form sublime drew nigh;
With bonnet, plaid, and philabeg,
That reach'd his angled thigh.

V.

As yonder rising sun, he drew
A broad sword flaming bright;
Struck the brown shield, and beat the air,
With seeming matchless might.

VI.

When thus he cry'd, " Rife, Douglas*, rife;
" Thy dear lov'd country calls;
" Rife and exert thy martial skill
" Against the haughty Gauls.

VII.

" Oft in the hapless Stuarts' cause,
" Thy Sires illustrious shone;
" Now George's lawful claim assert,
" And fence the British throne.

VIII.

" The feudal laws thp' now extinct
" On Scotia's fertile plains;
" Still Caledonia's boiling blood
" Flows in her children's veins.

IX.

" On Glotta's banks thy standard rear;
" Unsheathe thy father's sword:
" Loud call, *To Arms!*—then vassals shall
" Attend their daring Lord.

* Douglas Hamilton is the name of His Grace
of Hamilton.

X.

- " Dear, as the life's blood to the heart,
- " So is their country dear;
- " Stung by alarm—they martial forth
- " To meet—what cowards fear.

XI.

- " Mark, where the shades of heroes rise;
- " In antient armour clad;
- " See, how they paint the blood stain'd spear
- " Right o'er their gory bed.

XII.

- " Indignant how they stalk around!
- " Some hard contested field;
- " Where bold invading hosts were forc'd
- " Reluctantly to yield.

XIII.

- " What strung the nerves in other times
- " The deadly shaft to wing.
- " Still warms the freeborn peasant's breast,
- " Still prompts the bard to sing.

XIV.

- " Is there who eyes a blooming bride;
- " Or more endearing wife;
- " With smiling infants prattling round;
- " Who dares not risk his life?

XV.

- " To drive the sons of Gallia hence,
- " Or lay their numbers low;
- " Youth, age, and manly vigour, rise
- " With one united glow."

E M M A.

Tune, Jobny's Gray Brecks.

I.

CREATION smiles on ilka side,
 In lively green the fields appear,
 While cuckoos publish far and wide,
 That summer's florid beauty's near.

II.

And shall I peerless Emma find
 Still blushing sweet with native charms?
 And will the fairest o' her kind
 Consent to bless my langing arms?

III.

Again we tryft, and punctual meet,
 Far, far beyond yon rising hill,
 Where black-birds sing and lambkins bleat,
 In concert with the gurgling rill.

IV.

Nae miser's wealth, nae statesman's fame,
 Nae toper's joy envied I see,
 While room within her breast I claim,
 That's wealth, and fame, and joy to me.

V.

With counterfeited flee design,
 Equipt the angler, aft I gang,
 Yet flee, or bait, or art of mine
 The speckled trouts but seldom wrang.

VI.

Enjoy your wanton random spouts
 Ye harmless tenants of the stream,
 While I enjoy what better suits
 A thrilling heart—my love's esteem:

VII.

Where scented woodbines form a shade,
 And birks their neighbour birks embrace,
 I'll kiss the dear enticing maid,
 While sweetest blushes paint her face.

VIII.

May friendship bleeze with Hymen's flame,
 A doubly tender tie to cast,
 And time row round ilk day the same,
 The future happy as the past.



IX.

Ye woodland sangsters join with me,
 Ye dimpling streams that curling glide,
 Ye winds that fough thro' ilka tree,
 Hail, Emma—Hail my charming bride,

X.

Then Fortune at thy shrine I'll bow,
 Indulgent hear my anxious prayer,
 "A frugal competence allow,
 "Nor free nor deep harrafs'd with care."

S O N G.

I.

RUDE nature was hush'd to its calmest repose,
 The ev'ning was sweet and serene,
 When Jenny as fresh as the dew sprinkled rose
 Went tripping light over the plain.

II.

Was Venus, ye bards, when she sprung from the flood,
 More beautiful fair to behold?
 I gaz'd at the maid, but she ran to yon wood
 That was chequer'd with beams of bright gold.

III.

Young Willy, the pride of our shepherds around,
 Was waiting his Jenny to see,
 With garlands of roses her temples he bound,
 And slender green boughs from the tree.

IV.

He sung her a song till the neighbouring grove
 With echo repeated her name,
 He sung, till her eye, the vicegerent of love,
 Bright sparkled the conscious flame.

V.

His bosom no guile had e'er taught to deceive,
 No falsehood his tongue how to speak;
 But modest and young he could hardly behave
 When love blushing glow'd on his cheek.

VI.

The merchant may strut with his seafaring wealth,
 The Peer with his garter and star,
 But love, happy love, with contentment and health
 Are blessing surpassing by far.

FINIS.



ADDRESS
TO
CLYDESDALE.

To which is added,

KATTIE.
A SONG.

BY ROBERT BURNS
OF HAMILTON.

*Clydesdale, thy bonnie fertile plains,
Thy lassies blythe, thy toil-brown swains,
Warm glows the blood within my veins,*

Their fame to raise,

Till echo back returning strains

Repeat my lays.

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
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4. *Emma, a Song, on the approach of Summer.*
5. *Jenny, a Song.*

 *All the above may be had of the Publishers, BRASH AND REID, Glasgow. Price Twopence.*



ADDRESS

TO

C L Y D E S D A L E.

I

C
LYDESDALE, thy bonnie fertile plains,
Thy lasses blythe, thy toil-brown swains,
Warm glows the blood within my veins
 Their fame to raise,
Till echo back returning strains
 Repeat my lays.

IV.

Hail, to my natal place of birth!
The spot I value most on earth,
Long may the noble Patriot's worth
Rise steadfast there,
And beauty's boast and social mirth
The Muses care.

III.

Thy worth in sang shall be exprest,
Tho' BURNS, that glory o' the West,
By chance, or choice, ne'er thought a blast
O' thee to tune,
A humble bard will do his best
Thy praise to croon.

IV.

Tho' doom'd by Fortune to the loom,
 And time denied book-shelves to toom,
 Wild warbling fancy full in bloom
 Now spreads her wing,
 And burnies selvag'd-a' wi' broom
 I lang to sing.

V.

Weel hedg'd with close embowering thorn,
 Thy lang deep waving rigs o' corn,
 Salute the bonnie simmer morn
 Wi' dewy twinkle,
 And spire bell's clink fleet airy born
 Gar echo tinkle.

VI.

Thy brooks and rills, and copious floods,
 Thy dams and lins wild gurgling thuds,
 Thy far wide stretching blooming woods,
 All, all conspire,
 To wake the Muse. (where maukin whuds)
 With kindling fire.

VII.

When Ev'ning's pencil paints the sky,
 With colour'd clouds of various dye,
 When bleeting sheep or lowing kye
 Feed on thy plain,
 O! how it strikes my ravish'd eye
 To see that scene.

VIII.

On *Plotcock* spring invites to love,
 On *Coven* summer loes to move,
 On *Cadgy* autumn kind doth prove
 To mony a creature,
 That social league or wildly rove
 Whate'er their nature.

IX.

Here sun and shade the eye provokes,
 There breezy dens and jutting rocks,
 Here age-unken'd tall spreading oaks
 The Forest's pride,
 There heathy muirs whas scanty flocks
 Stray far and wide.

X.

A' Nature's scenes, exclude their harming,
 To rapt poetic hearts are charming,
 The very thunders loud alarming
 Can pleasure gie,
 And fields bedeck'd with robes like ermine
 They loe to see.

XI.

Bleak Winter's dark brow'd cloudy store,
 Rough Avon's rain-fworn dashing roar,
 Keen gelling frost's mildewing hoar,
 Are sweet in season,
 To man they speak, "Thy God adore,
 " And list' to reason."

XVI.

Where steal shod arrows hurl'd difmay,
 The Cushat's croud, and rabbits play,
 And *Botbwell castle*, hoary gray,
 Now smiles in peace;
 As earnest of that future day
 When strife shall cease.

XVII.

Clydesdale, thy bonnie fertile plains,
 Thy lassies blythe, thy toil-brown swains,
 Warm glows the blood within my veins
 Their fame to raise,
 'Till echo back returning strains
 Repeat my lays.

K A T T I E.

Tune. *Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses.*

I.

FAR beneath the craggy mountain,
 Down in yonder pleasant vale,
 By the margin of a fountain,
 Kattie sung her tender tale.

II.

" Farewell care, corroding sorrow,
 " Farewell, rivals bustling strife,
 " Soon I hope the blissful morrow
 " Comes, when I'll be made a wife.



III.

" Welcome Summer, thy returning,

" Here the birds on every spray,

" Some lone Cuckoo's only mourning,

" All the rest are blyth and gay.

IV.

" Snow white daisies, crimson tipit,

" Sweetly deck the grassy mead,

" How my heart heaves while I trip it,

" Thinking on my Shepherd lad.

V.

" Soon as night shall draw the curtain,

" O'er yon Western azure sky,

" Jocky promis'd, and I'm certain,

" To my longing arms he'll fly.

VI.

" Fondness shewing then he'll press me,

" To his wildly beating breast,

" Fonder still, more fonder kiss me,

" And declare how much he's blest'd.

VII.

" Fools in town may spend their treasure,

" Balls and plays may rack their mind,

" Heart exulting raptur'd pleasure,

" We in rural love can find.

VIII.

" But I see my Jocky yonder,

" Blythly whistling o'er the lee,

" Now, me thinks, I hear him ponder,

" What he'll say at meeting me."

O D E
TO
TEMPERANCE.

To which are added,

TWO SONGS.

BY ROBERT BURNS
OF HAMILTON.

O Temperance! thou Heaven-born maid!

Be thou my goddess and my guide,

My guardian and reward,

Teach me to relish simple joy,

And from temptations, which destroy,

Be thou my shield and guard.

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O D E
TO
T E M P E R A N C E.

Hail Temperance! thy dictates I revere!

Supremely blessed are thy Vot'ries all,

They ne'er are curs'd with headaches dire,

Such as torment the midnight Bacchanal.

I.

THOU, dear companion of the wife,

Serene promoter of their joys

By pleasure without sting,

Thou great preservative of health,

Thou gem, beyond all pomp of wealth!

To thee I humbly sing.

II.

See where the rose adorns the cheek,

Where all the modest virtue's speak

A secret peaceful joy,

No baneful viands load their board,

What Nature simplest doth afford

They use—but not destroy.

III.

Gouts, gravels, headaches, all attend
On Luxury, that woeful fiend,
That bane of human bliss,
But those whose sumptuous tables' spread
With season'd meats, wine sparkling red,
Too seldom think of this.

IV.

A jovial Bacchanalian core,
A flowing bowl, a midnight splore,
At distant view may charm,
But sage experience tells the wise,
Their false allurements to despise,
And shun their fatal harm.

V.

Mark the infatuated wretch,
Once gayest at the deep debauch,
Whom dire diseases pine,
What keen remorse must cut him through
When Temp'rance rises to his view,
All beauteous and divine?

VI.

O Temperance! thou Heaven-born maid!
Be thou my goddess and my guide,
My guardian and reward,
Teach me to relish simple joy,
And from temptations, which destroy,
Be thou my shield and guard

THE LOVER CURED.

Tune. *A' that, and a' that.*

I.

I'VE play'd the whining fool o'er lang,
 When I think on't, for a' that,
 The low of love my reason dang,
 And brak my heart, and a' that.

And a' that, and a' that,
 A gay coquet, and a' that,
 By seeming shy, but studied art
 Led me a dance, and a' that.

II.

The fairest flower that scents the air,
 In pleasing May, and a' that,
 I thought with her could not compare,
 For beauty's bloom, and a' that.

But a' her charms sunk in my ee,
 Her cherry lips, and a' that,
 When kissing free to sax and me,
 And twenty mae, and a' that.

III.

What signifies a raptur'd hour,
 A gouping heart, and a' that,
 Whan ilka fool has't in his power
 'To be as blest as a' that.

And a' that, and a' that,
 The gloaming tryfts, and a' that,
 But only whet the rack of pain
 When lassies jilt, and a' that.

IV.

But if tho' I despair to see
 A lass, that's true, and a' that,
 To her my plighted faith I'll gie,
 In wedlock bands, and a' that.

And a' that, and a' that,
 A heart sincere, and a' that,
 Esteeming leel and modest worth
 Surpassing goud, and a' that.

A N N A.

Tune. *Cowden Knolls.*



I.

LET shepherd swains my loss deplore,
 When luckless I relate,
 How Anna's charms, alas, no more!
 Can cheer my lone retreat.
 O the banks, the bonnie banks,
 That bloom'd so fair on Clyde,
 Where I and my dear Anna stray'd,
 In Summer's flow'ry pride.

Nor Spring to me, nor Summer bloom,
 Nor Autumn comfort yields!
 When penfive sad I wander o'er
 Clyde's once enchanting fields.

O the banks, the bonnie banks,
 That bloom'd so fair on Clyde,
 Where I and my dear Anna stray'd,
 In Summer's flow'ry pride!

III.

E'er fourteen years had circled round,
 Our date of being here,
 Our mutual love's progrefive flame,
 Began then to appear.

O the banks, the bonnie banks,
 That bloom'd so fair on Clyde;
 Where I and my dear Anna stray'd,
 In Summer's flow'ry pride!

IV.

No peace-deftroying jealous thought
 E'er enter'd either's mind,
 To please her still was all I fought,
 And ſhe to yield inclin'd.

O the banks, the bonnie banks,
 That bloom'd ſo fair on Clyde,
 Where I and my dear Anna stray'd,
 In Summer's flow'ry pride!

V.

All nature ſmil'd when ſhe was blythe,
 My heart in rapture ſprung,
 Rejoicing ſhepherds hail'd us bleſ'd,
 While birds around us ſung.

O the banks, the bonnie banks,
 That bloom'd so fair on Clyde,
 Where I and my dear Anna stray'd,
 In Summer's flow'ry pride!

VI.

Our flocks we tended night and day,
 Ambition we had none,
 But why, that tender scene display?
 My Anna now is gone.

O the banks, the bonnie banks,
 That bloom'd so fair on Clyde,
 Where I and my dear Anna stray'd,
 In Summer's flow'ry pride.

VII.

Come Winter, play thy dreary part,
 On storms and tempests ride,
 Make fields forlorn! like my poor heart!
 Along the banks of Clyde.

O the banks, the bonnie banks,
 That bloom'd so fair on Clyde,
 Where I and my dear Anna stray'd,
 In Summer's flow'ry pride.



F I N I S.



STANZAS

ON THE

INVASION,

ADDRESSED TO SCOTLAND,

BY

A NORTH BRITON.

Rursus AMOR PATRIÆ ratione valentior omni

Quod tuæ, &c. &c.

OVID.

*And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So should stern danger and the battle's roar
But bind us to our native mountains more.*

GOLDSMITH.

To which are added,

VERSES TO FANCY,

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.



GLASGOW:

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Brash & Reid.

S A N A T S

THE Author of the following Verses makes no apology to the Public for their appearance. He has endeavoured, and he hopes with some success, to paint the feelings of a mind which has ever glowed for its CONSTITUTION and its COUNTRY.

Of the justness of the sentiments which gave them birth, and which constitute *all* their merit, he has long been convinced. Attached to the CONSTITUTION from principle, to his KING from affection, to his RELATIVES from consanguinity, he fails in words to express the tie which binds him to his COUNTRY. Philosophy may condemn it as prejudice, or sophistry debase it as pride,—but while remembrance fills, or life warms his mind, he must pity the apathy of the first, and despise the falsity of the last. He has seen it in every age the surest defence of the government;—the strongest bulwark against the foe;—he has admired it as the root of every virtue,—as the base of every thing great and noble;—he has heard of its existence in this country,—of its force, its energy, its effects. He trusts he shall again see—again admire it.

YET were it possible, that these hopes should not be realised;—were it possible that SCOTLAND should bend to the yoke so widely extended;—were it possible that the groveling spirit of successful trade had stifled each manly feeling that ennobles Nature, and gives the stamp to Virtue,—he would tear its image from his breast;—he would fly the soil where unfeeling wealth and barbarous refinement had tainted the air;—he would seek another country, and other ties,—in some rugged, desert spot, where neither COMMERCE nor SCIENCE could palsy the energy of the mind.

February 12th, 1797.

ODE

ON THE INVASION.

I.

RISE, SONS of CALEDONIA! rise,
Let ardent WAR inflame your eyes,
Let listless PEACE retire:
Your pristine force, your ancient pride,
Must now again the battle guide,
Must now your bosoms fire!

II.

Around our coast the GALLIC foe
Now meditates some dreadful blow;
He bids his myriads rise;—
Should we, then, thus inactive wait,
While hostile bands menace the state?—
While rumours pierce the skies?

III.

Lives there the wretch so dead to fame,
So lost to every pang of shame,—
To all that life endears;
Who, shouting, will not join the band,
By SCOTIA rais'd to save her land,—
To change to joy her fears?

IV.

No, SCOTLAND! no,—each son will face
 The GALLIC force, nor shun th' embrace
 That gives each arm a foe;
 Nor danger shall our minds unnerve,
 Nor pouring hosts shall make us swerve;—
 HEAV'N tells it should be so!

V.

O THOU, who oft' hast watch'd our fate,
 When barb'rous tribes attack'd the state,
 When Fortune seem'd to low'r,
 Say, did our fires e'er shun the fight,
 Or, vanquish'd, e'er yield up their right
 To ROME's or NORWAY's power?

VI.

Say, GENIUS OF MY COUNTRY! say,
 Who oft' hast mourn'd the gloomy day,
 When jarring interests rose;
 Say, did thy sons desert the throne,
 Or dim its glory in their own,
 When menac'd round with foes?

VII.

Though numbers oft' oppress'd the field,
 Did they their sacred rights e'er yield?
 Did they their trust betray?
 No! never in the rolls of time,
 Subjected was our natal clime
 To foreign yoke or sway.

VIII.

Then, shall this age implore the foe,
 Or crouch beneath the pendant blow,
 Nor arm to spurn its rage?
 Shall we be first, with foul disgrace,
 To dim the honours of our race?—
 To blot the storied page?—

IX.

Has vaunted **COMMERCE** quench'd the flame
That gives to **COURAGE** all its claim,—

Its value to mankind?

Has hell-born **WEALTH** unstrung the soul?

Or **LOVE** of **COUNTRY** ceas'd to roll

The current of the mind?

X.

ALMIGHTY HEAV'N! if such the throes

Of **POWER**,—of **LUXURY** the close;

If such of **WEALTH** the fate;

Give us again the sterile land,

The judgment prompt, the active hand,

Nor make us vainly great.

XI.

But, no!—**REPUBLIC FRANCE** must find,

That with one force, one gen'ral mind,

Our **KING** we dare maintain;

The **REGICIDE** can ne'er prevail

Where haughty **ROME** so oft' did fail,

Where **CÆSARS** fought in vain.

XII.

Then, **SONS of CALEDONIA!** rise,

Let ardent **WAR** inflame your eyes,

Let listless **PEACE** retire:

Your pristine force, your ancient pride,

Must now again the battle guide,

Must now your bosoms fire!

(2)
IZI

TO FANCY.

I.
OFT' has some wretch, by guilty cares oppress'd,
Whom wayward fate to misery has driv'n,
Goddeſs of Dreams! to thee his prayer addreſs'd,
And ſought an aid no longer due from heav'n.

II.
For thine it is to lull the wretch's wo,
O'er his ſad breſt to ſpread oblivion's veil,
To 'ſuage that grief which muſt for ever flow,
And ſooth thoſe ſorrows which thou canſt not heal.

III.
Thine too the art, ſweetly inventive Maid!
Of Guilt itſelf to blunt th' envenom'd ſting,
To dim thoſe horrors which can never fade,
And gild thoſe terrors which muſt ever ſpring.

IV.
Enchanting Power! nor guilt, nor care is mine;—
Lawleſs Ambition ne'er my dwelling knew;—
The luſt of ſway to others I reſign;—
Content, tho' Riches, like my Friends, are few.

V.
Yet, unto thee, Queen of the painted bow!
Fain would my muſe her trembling ſtrains addreſs;
Implore thy aid ere miſery I know,
And win thy favour ere I find diſtreſs.

VI.

Young as I am in life's bewitching round,
 Full well I know how Fortune's wheel is driv'n;
 How shoals and quicksands near each shore abound;
 How bliss to heav'nly hosts alone is giv'n!

VII.

Full well I know, though virtue reigns within,
 How false the happiness which mortals prize;—
 False as the smile that palliates Flatt'ry's grin,
 Or decks the lips ere Fortune's frowns arise.

VIII.

And well I know how weak the blazon'd pride,
 The herald's glitter, and the pageant's show,
 How weak are power and riches to decide
 The bliss of those on whom profuse they flow!

IX.

And vain, alas! is Wisdom's hallow'd store,
 And vain the depths of scientific skill,—
 Vain is the maze of metaphysic lore,
 Which oft' attempt, yet quit the problem still.

X.

Ah! ne'er does Peace attend the sprigs of Fame,
 Pluck'd from the tree which haughty Learning
 rears;
 Nor ere the streams of Knowledge quench the flame
 Kindled by doubts, and fann'd by sceptic fears.

XI.

* * * * *

XII.

Come then, O Fancy! settle on my brow;
 Unfold thy visions to th' enraptur'd view;
 Teach me to spurn this world with all its show;
 To hail with thee the precincts of a new!

XIII.

Yet let me pause; nor rash each form invoke,
 Each devious form of wand'ring Fancy woo:—
 Much would I dread her wide extended yoke,
 Whose figure varies as Camleon's hue.

XIV.

'Tis thou alone, balm to each troubled soul!
 Enchantress Fancy! sweet inventive maid!
 Who bid'st again the long past moments roll,
 And gild'st the future with the wish'd-for shade.

XV.

Thou, in the ev'ning of a summer's day,
 When weary Nature looks around for rest,
 Steal'st o'er the mind with scarce acknowledg'd sway,
 And bear'st Oblivion to the human breast.

XVI.

Yet not Oblivion sure;—each fairy scene,
 That erst, in gladsome times, begat delight,
 By thy blest aid again more fair is seen,—
 The tinges chaster, and more pure the light.

XVII.

* * * * *

XVIII.

Then wrap me, Fancy! in thy robe of blue,
 On gilded pinions let us rise sublime,
 Together let us soar from mortal view,
 Far through the realms of never-ending time!



F I N I S.

PATIE AND RALPH:

AN ELEGIAC PASTORAL

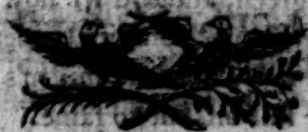
ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BURNS.

BY ROBERT LOCHORE,

AUTHOR OF MARGARET AND THE MINISTER;
A MORNING WALK, THE FOPFISH TAYLOR,
WILLIE'S VISION, &c. &c.

*Our life is like yon crimson beam
That trembles in the western skies;
Full soon, alas! its glories cease,
It sparkles—glimmers—fades—and dies!*

ANON.



GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
BRAD & REID

PATIE AND RALPH:

PATIE AND RALPH:

ANON.

ELEGIA PASTORALIS

ON THE

DEATH OF ROBERT BURNS.

BY ROBERT LOCHORE.

Our life is like yon crimson beam

That trembles in the western skies;

Full soon, alas! its glories cease,

It sparkles—glimmers—fades—and dies.

ANON.



BETWEEN twa braes, beside a chrysal rill
A cot-house stands, adjoining to a mill,
Round spreads a green, adorn'd wi' flow'rs an' trees,
An' ither charms, that a' conspire to please:
That bonnie spot is RALPH the miller's hame,
A bard he is, but still ungent to fame.

A wee piece down, whare that same burnie glides,
His neibour PATE, anither bard abides.
Around his house, amang the mountains sleep,
Frae day to day he tents some scores o' sheep.

Nae fav'rites o' the Nine were e'er mair pack,
 For, aft at e'en they meet and ha'e a crack :
 Whiles read the news;—and please themselves at time
 By buskin' funny stories up in rhymes:
 An' whiles fu' blyth, recite and sing by turns,
 The strains o' RAMSAY, FERGUSON, and BURNS.—
 Contented thus, ay social, frank and free,
 Their hours they pass in harmless mirth and glee.
 But oh! ae night last owk* their mirth took wings,
 Ah! human joys are mixt wi' mony stings.
 How struck! how sad wi' sorrow were they baith,
 When the sad news they heard o' BURNS' death;
 The tears ran truntlin' down their ilka cheek,
 Lang, lang they grat—ae word they coudna speak,
 Till RALPH at length to PATIE silence brak,
 An' thus wi' sighs an' broken accents spak.

RALPH.

Sad news! the warst I ever heard—ohon!
 Oh! is he dead? is Scotia's darlin' gone?
 Her frien'!—her bard!—Apollo's dawt-son!
 The very faul o' wit, an' rhyme, an' fun.

PATIE.

Heh man! an' only aged thirty-seven!
 Death how severe! but it's the will o' Heav'n;
 And we maun whist.—Ah! now we in our turn
 Like him may sing, that *Man was made to mourn*.

* This Pastoral was composed about eight days after the death of Mr. BURNS.

RALPH.

Wha wadna ilka lightsome pleasure spurn,
Indulge a tear, and for rare ROBIN mourn,
Wha had a heart where pity soft did dwell,
Mourn'd for, and sang o' ithers whan they fell,

PATIE.

In wae-fu' notes, or in a canty sang,
He a' the bards in Caledonia dang:
His flowin' numbers, an' his knacky tales,
Spread far an' wide his fame owre muirs and dales.
Frae Dukes an' Lords, to Shepherds on the braes,
His BEUK was read—an' loud they soun't his praise.
Whare'er ye gade, the maist feck o' their cracks
Were about BURNS's blyth auldfarren knacks.—
His country charm'd, they ca'd him frae the plough,
An' wi' the laurel busket braw his brow.

RALPH,

A happy bard was he, sae much carrest,
No ane alive was e'er by ha'f sae blest.
An' now, since in the gloomy grave he's laid,
What countless tears for ROBIN will be shed.
Sure, a' that heard his strains, baith grit an' sma',
Will dowie look, an' mourn his sudden fa'.

PATIE.

A' will lament his loss except the priests,
Wham he misca'd, an' rank'd among the beasts.

The Ordination, an' The Holy Fair;
 The Unco Mournfu' Tale, that black affair;
 The Unco Galf, an' eke The Poacher Court;
 In a' thae fangs, o' them he made a sport:
 Sae doubtless, they will mak' nae mane ava,
 But think an' say their foe is weel awa'.

" He la'st'd the canting rebining rōce,

" Wha wear an artificial face,

" Tho' blest wi' kirks, or out of place,

" Rab did na care,

" Hypocrisy weel could be trace,

" And ne'er did spare.

" And when he sings the Holy Fair,

" What man of sense can ca' it mair?

" Tho' bigotry, with ident stare,

" Offence may tak';

" Yet pure religion, when or where

" Does he attack?

" Na, na, Religion, beav'nly Fair!

" Thy dictates Rab did ay revere,

" And tho' he did na practise mair,

" Yet, ab! waes me,

" Where dwells the man that dispa'err

" As well as he?

" He paints religion a' sae sweet,

" As true devotion's fire may beet;

" But satyrizes most complete,

" And fair tak's off,

" A' them that mix our beav'nly wheat

" Wi' common eaff."

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF BURNS.

RALPH.

Ae thing is clear, he pointed out their wants,
 An' leugh at a' their hypocritic cants.
 For superstition, ROBIN kytch'd it hence,
 And roos'd ay honest men o' common sense :
 Mean trick, oppression, fraud, an' vile deceit,
 He satyrized baith in kirk and state.
 His independent, free, an' feeling heart,
 Disdain'd to cringe, an tak' corruption's part.

PATIE.

Aye, that's a fact! how mony jybes and mocks
 He gars his *Two Dogs* gi'e our gentle folks.
 How crouse his cracks wi' Geordie in his *Dream*,
 His taunts to Prince o' Wales gaun down the stream.
 The very Parliamentin' chaps themselfs,
 He rages at for dinging down the *stells*.

RALPH.

He was I wat a baul' undaunted chiel,
 Saf' me! he even *Address'd the very Deil*;
 An' gabbet gash an' free to grisly *Death*,
 An' jinket then his clutches free o' *skaith*.
 But now, alake! he's catch'd him in his fangs,
 But *Death* will never, never seize his fangs.

PATIE.

Na! while a fang in Caledonia's fung,
 His name and fame shall gratefully be rung.
 While there's a pleugh to till, or corn a threave,
 Auld Gray Mare Maggy an' the Mouse shall live;

His gawfy *Haggies* lang will please the taste
 O' Scottish swains, an' be a dainty feast;
 The *Louse* on Jenny's cap shall ever creep,
 Nor shall the *Whistle* ever fa' asleep;
 The happy *Cottar*, mang his wife an' weans,
 Shall ever rank mang *ROBIN*'s sweetest strains;
 The *Brigs* o' *Ayr* shall ne'er gae owre to flyte,
 But scaul at ither in perpetual spite;
 His knacky *Fragment*, an' *John Barleycorn*,
 Will baith be sung while Scottmen toom a horn;
 Blyth *Halloween*, wi' a' its cantraip turns
 Will ilka year revive the name of *BURNS*;
 The list o' *Große's queer auld-faunt things*
 Shall last while *Phœbus* shines or *water springs*;
 His *Visions* a', baul' *Tam o' Shanter's Tale*,
 An' a' the rest—to please shall never fail.

RALPH.

Alake! alake! nae mair his reed he'll blaw,
 To cheer our hearts an' bear the gree awa';
 Nae mair the banks o' *Ayr* he'll stray along,
 An' cheer the shepherds wi' a rural sang;
 Nae mair the reaming liquor will he quaff,
 An' wi' his merry catches raise the laugh;
 Nor 'mang *Edina's* gentle chappies fit
 An' gar them fairlie at his ready wit;
 An' oh! nae mair he'll sing his *JEANIE's* charms,
 Nor she be ever blest in *ROBIN's* arms.

PATIE.

May Nature gay, the fate o' *BURNS* bewail,
 An' tears frae ilka e'e fa' down like hail.

Thou sun an' moon, an' a' ye starns be dim,
 O! hide your rays in cluds, and mourn for him!
 Ye woods, an' howes, an' ilka shady grove,
 Where aft he pleasant sang o' you an' love;
 Ye hills, an' plains, an' ilka wimplin' burn,
 His death in waefu', waefu' echoes mourn;
 Ye tunefu' burds o' ilka fize an' wing,
 His dirge in solemn, solemn quavers sing;
 Retire to glens, ye flocks o' lambs an' sheep,
 An' there in waefu' bleats for ROBIN weep;
 Ye shepherds join, your ilka pipe atune,
 Raife ye a doolfu' but melodious croon;
 Lament in faut, faut tears ye ploughmen a'
 The prince o' bards an' ploughmen ta'en awa';
 An' oh! bewail his loss ye bards sublime,
 Ah' a' ye weaker ginglin' sons o' rhyme,
 O! swell the Muses' train in gratefu' lays,
 An' sing the man did ance your fauls amaze;
 A visit pay the grave in which he sleeps,
 There to his mem'ry pile your lays in heaps.

RALPH.

Let ilka tribute due be faithfu' paid
 The highly honour'd BURNS, now lowly laid,
 Whase WORKS, the best memorial o' his name,
 To latest ages loud shall trump his FAME.



E L E G Y

ON THE

THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER,

BEING THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

To which are added,

AN ODE TO PRUDENCE.

AND

N A N N Y,

OR

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

A SONG.

Alas! since LAST DECEMBER's boary head

Bow'd to Oblivion's wave, and sunk beneath,

From this strange World what flutt'ring clouds are fled

To throng the caverns of relentless Death!

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.



ELEGY

ON THE

THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER.

I.

YES, I will climb yon rough Rock's giddy height,
That o'er the Ocean bends his brow severe;—
And as I muse on TIMES NEGLECTED FLIGHT,
Wait the last sunshine of the parting Year!

II.

Why do the winds so sadly seem to rave!
Why broods such solemn horror o'er the deep?
It is, that FANCY points the yawning grave;—
And sick'ning, shudders at the pond'rous sleep!

III.

For O! since LAST DECEMBER's hoary head
Bow'd to Oblivion's wave, and sunk beneath,
From this strange World what flutt'ring clouds are fled—
To throng the caverns of relentless Death!

IV.

And every transitory shade is lost,
That in its course was fondly call'd "To-DAY!"
Spring's sweets are gone! and Summer's flow'ry boast!
And Autumn's purple honours pass'd away!

V.

And now, tho' WINTER, in rude mantle drest,
 Extends his icy sceptre o'er the plain!
 Soon shall he sink on APRIL's dewy breast!
 And laughing MAY shall re-assume her reign!

VI.

But MAN, when once his bright day's flush is o'er,
 And Youth's too fleeting pleasures take their wing,
 Must on Life's scene re-vegetate no more,
 But leap its gulph, to find a second Spring.

VII.

And can that *something* each man calls "HIMSELF,"
 'Midst this wide miracle of earth and sky,
 Waste the swift moments in the toil for pelf,
 Nor raise one thought to Nature's Majesty?

VIII.

On the Globe's surface creep, a growling worm!
 Nor joy the noon-tide radiance to behold—
 Nor trace the Mighty Hand that guides the storm—
 But deem existence relative to gold?

IX.

Ah! since this awful Now remains for me,
 To think, to breathe, to wonder at the whole,
 To move, to touch, to taste, to hear, to see,
 To call the mystic consciousness, *my Soul*;

X.

Fain would I seek a-while the sportive shade,
 Ere the scene close upon this doubtful state;
 Catch ev'ry painted phantom ere it fade,
 And leave the vast Uncertainty to Fate.

XI.

But GRIEF IS MINE—yet can I quit the crew
 Whose bosoms burn with avarice and pride,
 In yon blue vault to quench my thirsty view,
 Or tell my feelings to the boist'rous tide.

XII.

For are there not, as journeying on we go,
 With pilgrim step thro' an unfriendly vale,
 Oppression, Malice, Cruelty, and Woe,
 And do not Falsehood's venom'd shafts assail?

XIII.

Were it not nobler far, with social love,
 As fellow-trav'lers in a rugged road,
 That each the other's evils should remove,
 And with joint force sustain the gen'ral load?

XIV.

O! while such *fancied* happiness I trace,
 A glow of gladness runs thro' ev'ry vein;
 Rapture's warm tear steals silent down my face,
 And thus I wake the philanthropic strain:

XV.

Long, long, may Britain's gen'rous Isle be blest
 With foreign fame, domestic joys increase;
 At ev'ry insult, shake the warlike crest;
 Then wave her laurels in the Bow'r of Peace!

XVI.

Blest be her Sons in hardy valour bold,
 And all who haunt meek Learning's sacred shade;
 Th' aspiring young; and the reposing old;
 The modest matron; and th' enchanting maid!

XVII.

And might the BARD upon HIMSELF bestow

One humble wish, that soon his cares may end;

With the dead year, resign his weight of woe!

Or with the thorns of life, at least *some* roses blend.

O D E

TO

P R U D E N C E.

I.

WHERE didst thou hide thee, CAUTIOUS Pow'r,

When first my ventr'ous Youth began?

Thou cam'st not to the festive bow'r,

Nor at the genial board wert found;

And when the liquid grape went round,

Thou never show'dst thy warning face,

The wantonness of mirth to chase,

And tell of short *life's* *shad'wy* span:

Nor e'er didst prophesy of woe,

To chill my breast's impetuous glow;

But provident, and shrewd, from me afar,

THOU SUNK'ST TO SOBER REST WITH DAY'S RETIRING
STAR!

II.

'Tis true, indeed, I thought with scorn,
 Thy miserable maxims quaint,
 Were but of sour Suspicion born:
 " Let selfish souls," I madly cried,
 " Submit to such a coward guide,
 " Be't mine to seek the sportive vale,
 " With Friends, whose truth can never fail,
 " And banish thence each base restraint!"
 Dull that I was—I feel it now,
 And offer late th' imploring vow:
 Too well convinc'd, who dare thy vengeance urge,
 Can ne'er, alas! escape an agonizing scourge!

III.

Ah! wilt thou, deign then, to receive
 Thy Foe, profess'd for many a year?
 And wilt thou teach him, *not to grieve?*
 Forget the weakness of past time,
 When frantic Passion was his crime;
 When to imperious charms a prey,
 His Morn of Life stole swift away,
 Yet gemm'd by Love's delicious Tear,
 That bath'd his Bosom with delight;
 Tho' oft upon the *Gales of Night*,
 He heard thy whisper'd threat aspire,
 How could he heed it then—was not his heart on fire?

IV.

But now to gain thy frugal smile,
 Each wonted transport I forego,
 No more shall Beauty's self beguile,

Altho' her blue Orbs softer stream
 Than the clear Moon's enchanting beam;:
 Tho' her *still varying* charms arise,
 As to the hast'ning Traveller's eyes,

HELVETIA's summer prospects show:
 Or should MEEK WORTH to me repair,
 And tell a Tale of deep Despair,
 I'd strive to bid each fond emotion sleep,
 Yes, I would turn away!—BUT I WOULD TURN TO WEEP!

V.

Then, as with decent step and mien,

I tread the path of fair repute,
 Thy Civic hand shall oft be seen,
 To freight me with the sordid Ore,
 Which most thy Votaries adore.

Then, then shall FLAGGING FANCY die,

Then all my lov'd illusions fly,

Then will I break my rustic Flute:

And, as the marble hearted crowd,
 Be vainly rich, and meanly proud;
 Until I fix, *like yonder blighted Thorn*,
 That, deck'd WITH GOLDEN BEAMS, NO VERNAL SWEETS

ADORN.

N A N N Y.

A S O N G.

I.

THOUGH chill descends the drizzling rain,
 And hollow blows the wind;
 Of wintry storms I'll not complain,
 While thus my Nanny's kind.

II.

When round my Côt the dreary fields,
 And shrubs are clad with snow,
 More joy than summer's sunshine yields,
 Her chearing smiles bestow.

III.

I heed not ruthless wars alarms,
 That Europe's sons annoy;
 While I secure of Nanny's charms,
 Domestic peace enjoy.

IV.

For wealth to India's distant shore
 Let greedy merchants roam:
 With Nanny blest, I ask no more
 Than competence at home.

V.

Give Epicures their sumptuous fare,
 Whilst I more truly blest:
 The neat tho' frugal viands share
 My Nanny's hands have dress'd.

VI.

The flaunting Nymphs, that haunt the town,
 I void of envy see,
 Whilst Nanny in her linen gown
 Is all the world to me.



F I N I S.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY;

A POEM.

Now Nature's chang'd frae warm and green;
To blirty, cauld, and blae,
And blythly Scotia's bairns convene
To haud their Hogmanas,

The Muse, wha loes to cure the spleen;
Now tunes a heartsome lay,
Intent to sing what she has seen,
And hail the New-Year's Day,
When Friendship, Love and Joy their pleasing sounds
convey.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE design of the following Verses is to describe the manner in which the Festival of NEW-YEAR'S DAY is generally held throughout Scotland.

THE universal joy exhibited at the recurrence of this period, pervades every rank in society, but more especially the lower orders, who have no other general Festival in the year.



OF A B O O K S
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Blair & Reid.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY:

A POEM.

I.

YE Muses nine, O come and see
Which o' ye a' will cleek wi' me,
And lend me wings that I may flee,
And mak a fraise,
For a' the poets tell how ye
Inspire their lays,

II.

To sing in hamely style, O teach me,
And tak nae priggings, I beseech ye,
But let my invitation reach ye,
Frae midst the thrang,
For troth I canna thole to fleetch ye
Wi' busked fang.

III.

With your assistance I'll begin
To tell how the New Year comes in,
With sic a sough and sic a din
O' clinkan stoups,
And bodies gaun to see their kin
Get monie coups.

IV.

At twal at e'en on *Hogmanas* *,
 See how impatient with delay,
 The drowfy *First-fit* † grapes his way,
 Syne wi' a roar,
 He lang before the screech o' day
 Thumps at your door,

V.

Baith hands are fu', gude luck to shaw,
 HET-PINTS ‡ and Bread and Cheese and a'
 Wi' dauds o' CURRAN-BUNS to gnaw,
 He thus cries to them,
 " A gude New Year unto ye a',
 And monie o' them."

VI.

To the bed-stock, wi' glasses fu',
 He gangs and gies them a' a pu' :
 Half-sleeping and half-waking now,
 They glaum about,
 Till in their hand they get their due,
 Syne coup it out,

* *Hogmanac* is a word derived from a Hebrew root, and signifies " The Blessed Month," being the month in which our Saviour was born.

† *First-fit* is the name given to the person who first enters a house on New-Year's Day morning, and is always expected to enter with tokens of plenty, expressive of his good wishes to the family.

‡ A *Het-pint* is a pint, Scotch measure, of hot Beer, made up to a very palatable taste, with Spirits, Sugar, and Eggs, and is commonly brought by the first-foot to the bed-side of those he visits, of which he invites them to drink liberally.

VII.

Now little bairnies rake their een,
Wha dream'd o' NEW'R-DAY since yestreen,
And cry to ha'e their brats a' clean

To haud the play,
For tosh and braw they maun be seen
On sic a day.

VIII.

Now rickities and trumpets come,
And a' the streets wi' playocks bum;
Some play the fiddle, some the drum,

Wi' a' their birr:
On stands are monie a Dutch blawflum,
And a's affir.

IX.

But aft as o'er the glaury strawn
The tentless little anes are gaun,
They tumble down, and whan they're faun
Folk rin in cluds,
And loud they screech whan they look on
Their dirty duds.

X.

Now folks a dreadfu' havoc play
Amang the Curran-Buns a' day;
Saut roasts and meikle mair they ha'e,
Their kytes to fill,
And thumpin' kebbucks whang'd away
Like a pease-kill.

XI.

Whan friends and neighbours a' about
Are met, and drinking clean-cap-out,
And shaking hands, O! what a rout
O' clatt'ring tongues,

And jaws o' whisky gaun about
To sap the lungs.

XII.

The working lads a' drest like beaus,
Forget their toils, and cares, and woes;
Each for his bonnie part'ner goes,
And they fu' sweet,
Impatient wait their trysted joes,
And blushing meet.

XIII.

With canty social spirit all
Now join the Fiddle and the Ball.—
The Scots Reel play'd fu' brisk and baul',
A' music dings;
Nought cheers and elevates the faul
Like Highland Springs.

XIV.

O! youngsters, prize the happy hour,
With youth and love now in your power,
Unwelcome age your joys will sour,
When oh, alas!
Dim ee'd and frail, ye'll tott'rin' cour
Wi' runkled face,

XV.

O genuine joy! unbought by pence,
To thee the poor ha'e maist pretence;
Aft'ner thou dwalls in humble spense
Than palace bien,
Whar rich folk buy, at great expence
The dwams o' spleen.

XVI.

The young anes dance and loup like bucks,
The auld wives creep near ingle neuks,

(7)

And keeking, tell how new drefs leuks,
And young folks breedin',
But rooze auld-fafhion'd gowns and cleuks
As braweft cleedin'.

XVII.

Auld cocks ha'f tipfy, now incline
Around the bowl or ftoup to join,
And crack o' feats they did langfyne,
To mem'ry dear,
While youth and love rufh on their min',
And draw a tear.

XVIII.

Een totterin' age, lyart and bal',
Maun hae his youthfu' ftory taul',
How he gaed fouple, ftang and baul'
Through dib and mire:
Life's gimmerin' lamp blinks thro' his faul,
A fpunk o' fire.

XIX.

Night o'er the land does darknefs pu',
And troth fhe has a bonnie view;
Some are dead-drunk, fome roaring fu'
Wi' mighty splutter;
And ither fome gaun out to fpew
Faun i' the gutter.

XX.

Now sober folks their doors are fteeking,
Ilk wife her drunken hufband feeking,
Thro' monnie a change-houfe fhe ga'es keeking,
Right cauld I trow,
While he at fome bien fire fits beeking,
And roaring fu'.

XXI.

Yet hame he winna come ava
 But at ilk cronny's door maun ca';
 At his coat-tail his wife will draw,
 And do her best,
 And monie a cankar'd name she'll ca'
 Her waefu' pest.

XXII.

Now roaring din has done its best,
 And waens lie skepped i' their nest;
 Douse folks are a' gane to their rest,
 But ither some
 Drink and stand teuchly to the test
 Till morning come.

XXIII.

Such are the feats of the New Year;
 Folk waste the cash they wan fu' dear,
 For frae the glass they winna steer,
 But ay they'll suck it,
 Till a' their pouches o' their gear
 Are fairly ruket.

XXIV.

Now Poet-Laureat I ha'e doon,
 Gie us a flight as heigh's the moon:
 Pour pension'd saul, ye ay maun tune
 To busk and flatter,
 But nae Scots bard, I trust, will croon
 Sic cringing clatter.

F I N I S.



CHEAP WHISKY;

A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE

TO

Mr. P I T T.

ON THE

Recommencement of Distilling in Scotland.

Food fills the wame, and keeps us livin,

Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,

When heavy dragg'd wi' pine and grievin,

But oil'd by THEE,

The wheels of life gae down hill screevin,

Wi' rattling glee.

Burns.

To which is added,

THE

GOWD O' GOWRIE;

A SCOTS SONG.

Never before published.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.

CHEAP WHISKY
TAMMARTIN DISTILLERS

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following VERSES were suggested by the perusal of his Majesty's proclamation of the 20th of October 1796, permitting the making of low wines and spirits. An unusual portion of joy has been thereby diffused among the lower classes in Scotland, who indulge the pleasing hope of again tasting their favourite beverage, the high price of which, had almost amounted to a total prohibition.

This publication is not meant to encourage those habits of dissipation in the lower ranks, which have been so justly condemned as the bane of industry and happiness. It is to be considered merely as intended to amuse.



[A]
FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

TO
Mr. P I T T.

I.

OF a' the ills in this creation
Drouth and nae drink's the warst vexation;
To free us frae this curst starvation
Since Thou's thought fit,
This! this alone! is thy salvation
O Willy Pitt!

II.

We hail thee now as state physician,
Saving this kintra frae perdition!
Gainst democrates nae inquisition
Ye mair need raise,
For, tho' in state of requisition
We'll found thy praise.

III.

Langsyne our browsters brew'd sic swats
As made a body tine their wits
But now, wi' scourings o' their vats,
They rot our tripes,
Their dead alc's gien us a' the bats
or colic gripes.

IV.

To what then could we drinkers rin
But costly foreign RUM or GIN,
Or was our pouch sae strong as win
To BRANDY ever;
It only brunt us up within
And scaumt our liver.

V.

He surely is the warst o' knaves
Wha heedless of our HEALTH behaves,
And brewing stuff not fit for slaves
Views as mere sportin:
The sending thousands to their graves
To swell his fortune.

VI.

To brew such trash, O shun the fault!
And tak the utmost care to draw't,
Let's hae nae reason to misca't
As *Vitriolic*,
But gies the *pith o' genuine maut*
To cure the colic.

VII.

Then we'll join heart and han' to blis
The brewer that affords us this,
Our gen'ral thanks he winna miss
Wha brews it right,
But a' that's gude and great we'll wis'
On him to light.

VIII.

We swear, now o'er a gill, at leisure;
 O Pitt, this is your wisest measure!
 Wad ye increase the nation's treasure
 And see us frisky,
 And a' your taxes, paid wi' pleasure
 Gie us CHEAP WHISKY,

IX.

O! had ye seen poor Scotland's case;
 Starvation staring in her face
 In her when fighting out alas;
 Wi' grief dung dizzy!
 Ae mark o' joy ye coudna trace—
 Waes me, poor hizzy!

X.

Wow man! but ye was fair mistaen;
 By this, to low the price o' grain,
 Your scheme has a' clean contrair gane
 To your desire,
 For, when o' whisky we had nane
 Grain ne'er was higher.

XI.

Sma speed wad come recruiting, till
 Ye set agoing ilka still;
 But youngsters now as fast's ye will,
 Will tak the shilling;
 Tho' sweert at first, gie them a gill
 And they're quite willing.

XII.

Poor Scotland! mairly in a pet,
 Her mither-milk she coudna get;
 Now her desire's o'er sharply set
 To wait a wee,
 She'll rather tak it REEKING HET
 Frae the COCK-EE!

XIII.

Then gie auld Scotland ay her due,
 Her bairns' best cordial WHISKY-BLUE
 And to the FRENCH, king-killing crew!
 She'll never strike;
 But fight for GEORDIE, and for YOU,
 As lang's ye like.

XIV.

The ragged breth'ren o' the nine,
 Wha canna win the length o' wine,
 For faut o' drink did fairly pine
 Like poor dull wights—
 Inspir'd by WHISKY now they'll shine
 Wi' glorious flights!

XV.

Then speed ye brewers, let them taste,
 Curse on ye if your time ye waste;
 See that baith night and day, in haste,
 Ye toil by turns,
 Or ye'll get nae rest frae the ghaist
 O' ROBIN BURNS.

GOWD O' GOWRIE:

A SCOTS SONG.

Never before published.

TUNE.—*Dainty Davie.*

WHan Katie was scarce out nineteen
O but she had twa coal-black een,
A bonnier lass ye coudna feer
In a' the carse o' Gowrie.

II.

Quite tir'd o' living a' his lane
Pate to her did his love explain,
And swore he'd be, were she his ain,
The happiest lad in Gowrie,

III.

She said " I winna marry thee
" For a' the gear that ye can gie;
" Nor will I gang ae step ajee
" For a' the gowd in Gowrie.

IV.

" My father will gie me twa kye,
" My mither's gaun some yarn to dye,
" I'll get a gown just like the sky,
" Gif I'll no gang to Gowrie."

V.

Quo He, ' O Katie, say na fae,
' Thou little kens a heart that's wae,
' Hae there's my hand, hear me, I pray,
' Since thou'll no gang to Gowrie.



VI. GOWRIE.

' Since first I met thee at the shiel
 ' My faul to thee's been true and leel,
 ' The darkest night I fear nae deel,
 ' Warlock nor witch in Gowrie.

VII.

' I fear nae want o' claes or nout,
 ' Sic silly things my mind ne'er tout,—
 ' I dream a' night and start about,
 ' And wish for thee in Gowrie.

VIII.

' I loe thee better Kate, my dear,
 ' Than a' my riggs and out gaun gear,
 ' Sit down till anes I to thee swear
 ' Thou's worth the carse o' Gowrie.'

IX.

Syne on her lips sweet kisses laid:
 While blushes a' her cheeks o'erspread,
 She sigh'd and in fast whisper said
 " Oh! Pate, tak me to Gowrie."

X.

Quo' he, ' let's to the auld fock gang,
 ' Say what they like I'll bide their bang,
 ' And stay a' night tho' beds be thrang,
 ' But I'll hae thee to Gowrie.'

XI.

The auld fock syne baith gied consent,
 The priest was ca'd, a' were content;
 And Katie never did repent,
 That she gaed hame to Gowrie.

XII.

For routh o' bonny bairns had she,
 Mair strappan lads ye couldna see
 And her bra lassies bear the gree
 Frae a' the rest in Gowrie.

ORDER.

A

POEM.

*To Nature thus th' Eternal mover said,
"Thro' all my works be Order's laws obey'd;
"Order decreed the certain path to bliss,
"None e'er shall err; who strictly move by this."
Look then around, the universe survey.
And follow Nature, as she leads the way.*

To which is added,

AN

EPITAPH for ALGERNON SIDNEY.

GLASGOW:

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Brash & Reid.

ORDER.



A

POEM.

U^NHAPPY man, thro' life's successive years,
From youth to age, say how thy reason errs;
Still prone to weep thy miseries below,
Regardless of the source from whence they flow;
On Nature charging, and her perfect laws,
Those ills thy follies, or thy vices cause.

But know thou this, Nature, to all a friend,
Directs each being to its proper end;
To happiness points out the certain road—
To follow Nature, as to follow God.

Ere Time had birth, or the sun's radiant light
Dissolv'd the reign of Chaos and old Night,
Nature unform'd, in rude disorder lay,
And held in anarchy a lawless sway.

But God commands—all civil discords cease,
And warring elements unite in peace;
Systems in Order straight begin to roll,
And friendly parts compose one beauteous whole.

To Nature thus th' Eternal mover said,
 "Thro' all my works be Order's laws obey'd;
 "Order decreed the certain path to bliss,
 "None e'er shall err, who strictly move by this."

Look then around, the universe survey,
 And follow Nature, as she leads the way;
 To yonder ample arch direct thine eye,
 And view the perfect Order of the sky.

Fix'd in his orb, see with refulgent ray,
 The constant sun lights up the genial day;
 While shining worlds melodiously advance,
 And form around the planetary dance.

See the pale moon adorn'd with borrow'd light,
 More faintly gilds the dusky shades of night;
 In bright array, she leads her starry train,
 Obeys the earth, and guides the swelling main.

Her starry train, by the same rule confin'd,
 Obsequious wait, nor leave the queen behind;
 But all in perfect harmony conspire,
 To move as Order and its laws require.

To earth descend—see mountains, woods, and
 vales,
 The murmur'ing waters, and the whisp'ring gales;
 Whatever wings the lovely realms of Day,
 Lives on the land, or swims along the sea:
 In Order all pursue the ends design'd,
 Proportion'd to their station, and their kind.

Rains feed the earth; nor does the earth deny
 To send them back in vapours to the sky;

Seas fill the springs—the springs again repay
Their grateful tribute to the flowing sea.

Night follows day—seasons the year divide,
'Twixt Winter's nakedness, and Summer's pride;
And flow'rs and fruits, (the summer's rich supply)
Rise, bloom, and flourish,—sicken, fade, and die,

Without controul, unerring Instinct reigns,
And see, each brute the gen'ral law maintains;
Unchanging verges to the destin'd goal,
True as the needle trembles to the pole,

But Man, the sport of ev'ry passion made,
By all carefs'd, and yet by all betray'd;
From Order's flow'ry path perversely strays,
And wanders on in Error's crooked maze;
And, spite of Nature, and in Reason's spight,
Pursues wrong measures, and neglects the right.

But mark how, rising from this fatal source,
Vice pours along, resistless in its course;
And, like some raging flood, without controul,
Heaps woes on woes, and deluges the soul.

Hence Love and Hate, in wild disorder join'd,
Disturb our reason, and distract our mind;
Delusive Hope, and more delusive Fear,
Now raise us up, now sink us in despair.

Hence Anger burns, and pale Dejection chills,
Envy torments, and pining Sorrow kills
And every passion in its turn destroys
Some present bliss, or lessens future joys.

From hence Excess, parent of Sloth and Ease,
 Calls forth the lurking seeds of each disease;
 And Death, grim tyrant! hastens on his pace,
 To shorten half the date of human race.

Hence, injur'd Innocence oppression feels,
 And Persecution threatens whips and wheels;
 And Justice mourns, depress'd by perjur'd tools,
 A prey to Malice, and a scorn to Fools.

Hence War with thousands heaps the sanguine
 plain,
 And Liberty deplores a Tyrant's reign;
 In guilty state thus conqu'ring Cæsar rode,
 And drench'd Pharsalia's field with Roman blood;
 Thus, Philip's son ran mad with martial pride,
 And Nero, once a faint, turn'd parricide.

A savage life our rustic fathers led,
 Acorns their food, and mother Earth their bed;
 Rough in their habit, in their manners rude,
 A lawless, cruel, and ignoble croud.

But Order rose, the beauteous child of Jove,
 Parent of Pleasure, Harmony, and Love;
 Smiling she rose, and Discord took its flight,
 The savages grew mild, the rude polite;
 Thus spectres vanish at th' approach of light. }

Then Peace triumphant wav'd her olive wand,
 And cheerful Plenty crown'd each happy land;
 Then laws were made to curb unruly Might,
 And Justice held th' impartial scales of Right.

The Nuptial torch then first began to flame,
 And blended Int'rest pointed at one aim;
 Hence sprung the tender social ties of life,
 Friend, Father, Brother, Husband, Child and Wife.
 Then towns were built, and mutual leagues were
 made,
 And states were form'd by Order's powerful aid,
 And man forsook the cave and sylvan shade.

Thus poets tell, by Orpheus' lays inspir'd,
 Tygers grew mild, and silently admir'd;
 Thus walls and tow'rs around Amphion throng,
 And stately Thebes was built by magic song.

Then patriots rose, who tyranny withstood,
 And greatly suffer'd, for their country's good;
 Here Codrus dies, friend to th' Athenian state,
 And brave Timoleon seals his brother's fate:
 There Regulus to sure destruction runs,
 And Brutus bleeds for Rome, in both his sons.

Then Arts were known, and Sciences began
 To polish and refine the ways of man;
 Here blushing grapes the spreading vines adorn,
 And fertile fields turn white with waving corn;
 In verdant pastures there the cattle stray,
 While jovial shepherds chaunt the rural lay.

Here Navigation spreads her swelling sails,
 Rides on the waves, and courts the prosp'rous gales;
 And Commerce round the globe begins to roll,
 And wafts the wealth of India to the Pole.

Then Sculpture first in due proportion shone;
 And beauty seem'd to breathe in living stone;

Then mimic Paint deceiv'd the wond'ring eye,
And each bold figure seem'd a stander-by.

Then Architecture heav'd some lofty dome,
The pride of Athens, Babylon, or Rome.

Such are thy structures, Carlisle, such their state,
Nobly sublime, and regularly great;
Where Grace and Art, in full perfection join'd,
Reflect the image of their master's mind.

But, daring Muse, restrain thy tow'ring wing,
Unable thou that lofty theme to sing;
That lofty theme adorns a Muse's lays,
Whose wit shall charm, till Taste itself decays.

Thus Order first the savage world refin'd,
Reform'd their manners, and improv'd their mind.

Say then, weak man, is happiness thy care?
Be timely wise, nor trust thyself too far;
Restrain thy passions, call thy reason in,
And quell the fierce exulting foe within;
To Order's standard be thy acts confin'd,
Let Order rule the sallies of thy mind:
With strictest care thy lesser world command,
As moves the greater by the Almighty's hand;
As shifts no star but by his sov'reign sway,
So follow thou as Order points the way;
From this foundation sure to climb to bliss,
None e'er shall err, who strictly move by this.



EPITAPH *for* ALGERNON SIDNEY.

BY SIR BROOK BOOTHBY, BART.

I.

COMEST thou, brave youth, by kindred virtue led,
T' explore the pregnant annals of the dead,
That bright example may inspire thy breast,
Arrest thy step: here Sidney's ashes rest?

II.

Does the sound vibrate thro' thy throbbing heart?
Glow thy warm cheek? Do tears, indignant, start?
The omens hail: they mark thy strenuous mind;
The honest guardian of thy race design'd.

III.

Approach; contemplate this immortal name;
Swear on this shrine to emulate his fame;
To dare, like him, e'en to thy latest breath;
Contemning chains, and poverty, and death.

IV.

Then go: and dauntless in thy country's cause,
Assert her rights, and liberties, and laws;
Unfading honours be thy glorious doom;
And tears, like those thou shedd'st, bedew thy tomb.

V.

But if this sacred name awake no zeal,
No generous ardour for the public weal;
Pursue thy way, nor vainly loiter here;
Thy tearless eye profanes the patriot's bier.

F I N I S.

POOR MARY,

THE

MAID OF THE INN.

To which is added,

NEIGHBOUR DICK.

*Who is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs,
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.*

GLASGOW:

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POOR MARY.

I.
WHO is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs,
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

II.
No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek,
Cold and hunger awake not her care:
Thro' her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak:
On her poor withered bosom half bare, and her cheek
Has the deathly pale hue of despair.

III.
Yet chearful and happy, not distant the day,
Poor Mary the maniac has been;
The traveller remembers, who journey'd this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary the maid of the inn.

IV.
Her chearful address fill'd the guests with delight;
As she welcom'd them in with a smile:
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the abbey at night
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

V.

She lov'd, and young Richard had fettled the day,
 And she hop'd to be happy for life;
 But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
 Who knew him would pity poor Mary and say,
 That she was too good for his wife.

VI.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
 And fast were the windows and door;
 Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burn bright,
 And smoking in silence with tranquil delight
 They listened to hear the wind roar.

VII.

" 'Tis pleasant," cried one, " seated by the fire-side,
 " To hear the wind whistle without."
 " A fine night for the abbey!" his comrade replied,
 " Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried
 " Who should wander the ruins about.

VIII.

" I myself like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
 " The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
 " And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
 " Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,
 " For this wind might awaken the dead!"

IX.

" I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
 " That Mary would venture there now."
 " Then wager and lose!" with a sneer he replied,
 " I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
 " And faint if she saw a white cow."

X.

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"

His companion exclaim'd with a smile;

"I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,

"And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough

"From the elder that grows in the aisle."

XI.

With fearless good humour did Mary comply,

And her way to the abbey she bent;

The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,

And as hollowly howling it swept thro' the sky

She shiver'd with cold as she went.

XII.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded the maid,

Where the abbey rose dim on the sight,

'Thro' the gate-way she enter'd, she felt not afraid,

Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade

Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

XIII.

All round her was silent, save when the rude blast

Howl'd dismally round the old pile;

Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless she past,

And arriv'd in the innermost ruin at last

Where the elder tree grew in the aisle.

XIV.

Well pleas'd did she reach it, and quickly drew near,

And hastily gather'd the bough:

When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear,

She paus'd, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,

And her heart panted fearfully now.

XV.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,
 She listen'd,—nought else could she hear.
 The wind ceas'd, her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
 For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
 Of footsteps approaching her near.

XVI.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
 She crept to conceal herself there:
 That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
 And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
 And between them a corpse did they bear.

XVII.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdled cold!
 Again the rough wind hurried by,—
 It blew off the hat of the one, and behold
 Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd,—
 She felt and expected to die.

XVIII.

“Curse the hat!” he exclaims, “nay come on and first hide,
 “The dead body,” his comrade replies.
 She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,
 She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
 And fast thro' the abbey she flies.

XIX.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
 She gaz'd horribly eager around,
 Then her limbs could support their faint burden no more,
 And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor
 Unable to utter a sound.

XX.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
 For a moment the hat met her view;—
 Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
 For—oh, God, what cold horror then thrill'd thro' her heart
 When the name of her Richard she knew!

XXI.

Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by
 His gibbet is now to be seen.
 Not far from the road it engages the eye,
 The traveller beholds it, and thinks with a sigh
 Of poor Mary the maid of the inn.

 NEIGHBOUR DICK.

I.

How comes it, neighbour Dick,
 That you, with taste uncommon,
 Have serv'd the girls this trick,
 And wedded an old woman?

II.

Each belle condemns the choice
 Of a youth so gay and sprightly;
 But we, your friends, rejoice
 That you have judg'd so rightly.

III.

Though odd to some it sounds
That on threescore you ventur'd;
Yet, in ten thousand pounds
Ten thousand charms are center'd.

IV.

Beauty, you know, will fade;
As does the short-liv'd flow'r;
Nor can the fairest maid
Ensure her bloom an hour.

V.

But wisely you resign,
For sixty, charms so transient;
As the curious value coin
The more for being antient.



VI.

Observing hence, by you,
In marriage such decorum,
Still wiser youths shall do
As you have done before 'em.

VII.

With joy your spouse shall see
The fading beauties round her;
While she herself shall be
The self-same thing you found her.

VIII.

Of is the marriage-state
With jealousy attended;
And hence, through foul debate,
Are nuptial joys suspended.

IX.

But you with such a wife
 No jealous fears are under;
 She's yours alone for life—
 Or much we all shall wonder.

X.

Her death would grieve you fore,
 But let not that torment you;
 My life, she'll see fourscore,
 If that will but content you.

XI.

On this you may rely,
 For the pains you took to win her,
 She'll ne'er in child-bed die,
 Unless the Devil's in her.

XII.

Some have the name of hell
 To matrimony given;
 How falsely you can tell,
 Who find it such a heav'n.

XIII.

Each day of yours, and night,
 Is crown'd with joy and gladness,
 While envious virgins bite
 Their hated sheets for madness.

XIV.

With spouse long share the bliss
 You'd miss'd in any other;
 And when you've bury'd this,
 May you have such another!

BAD COMPANY,

OR

THE MAGPYE.

A TALE.

To which are added,

THE NEGRO BOY,

AND

THE SHORT GREAT-COAT.

*Let others, with poetic fire,
In raptures praise the tuneful choir,
The Linnet, Chaffinch, Goldfinch, Thrush;
And every warbler of the bush;
I sing the Mimic Magpye's fame,
In wicker cage well fed and tame.*

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.

BAD COMPANY,

THE MAGPYE.



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And every warbler of the bush;
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In wicker-cage well fed and tame.

In Fleet-street dwelt in days of yore
A jolly tradesman nam'd *Tom Moore*.
Gen'rous and open as the day,
But passionately fond of play,
No sounds to him such sweets afford
As *dice-box* rattling o'er the board;
Bewitching *bazard* is the game
For which he forfeits health and fame.

In *basket prison* hung on high,
With dappled coat and watchful eye,
A fav'rite *Magpye* sees the play,
And mimics ev'ry word they say,

Lord! how he nicks us, Tom Moore cries,
Lord! how he nicks us, Mag replies;
 Tom throws, and eyes the glitt'ring store,
 And as he throws exclaims *Tom Moore!*
Tom Moore the mimic bird replies;
 The astonish'd gamesters lift their eyes,
 And wond'ring stare and look around,
 As doubtful whence proceeds the sound.

This dissipative life of course
 Soon brought poor *Tom* from bad to worse;
 Nor prayers nor promises prevail
 To keep him from a dreary jail.

And now between each heart-felt sigh
 Tom oft exclaims *Bad Company!*
 Poor *Mag*, who shares his master's fate,
 Exclaims from out his *twicker grate*
 "Bad company! Bad company!"
 Then views poor *Tom* with curious eye,
 And cheers his master's wretched hours
 By this display of mimic powers.
 Th' imprisoned bird, tho' much carefs'd,
 Is still by anxious cares oppress'd,
 In silence mourns its cruel fate,
 And oft explores his *prison-gate*.

Observe, thro' life you'll always find
 A fellow feeling makes us kind.
 So Tom resolves immediately
 To give poor *Mag* his liberty;
 Then opes his cage, and with a sigh
 Takes one fond look and lets him fly.

Now *Mag*, once more with freedom blest'd,
 Looks round to find a place of rest;
 To Temple Gardens wings his way,
 There perches on a neighbouring spray.

The Gardiner now with busy cares
 A curious feed for grass prepares,
 Yet, spite of all his toil and pain,
 The hungry birds devour the grain.

A curious net he does prepare,
 And lightly spreads the wily snare;
 The feather'd plunderers come in view,
 And *Mag* soon joins the *thievish* crew.
 The watchful Gard'ner now stands by,
 With nimble hand and wary eye;
 The birds begin their stolen repast,
 The flying net secures them fast.

The vengeful clown, now fill'd with ire,
 Does to a neighbouring shed retire,
 And, having first secur'd the doors
 And windows, next the net explores.

Now, in revenge for plunder'd feed,
 Each felon he resolves shall bleed,
 'Then twists their little necks around,
 And casts them breathless on the ground.

Mag, who with man was us'd to herd,
 Knew something more than common bird;
 He therefore watch'd with anxious care,
 And flipt himself from out the snare,

Then, perch'd on nail remote from ground,
Observes how deaths are dealt around.

Lord! how he nicks us, Maggy cries;
The astonish'd Gard'ner lifts his eyes,
With fault'ring voice and panting breath
Exclaims, "Who's there?"—All still as death.

His murd'rous work he does resume,
And casts his eye around the room
With caution, and at length does spy
The *Magpye* perch'd on nail so high!

The wond'ring clown, from what he heard,
Believes him something more than *bird*,
With fear impress'd does now retreat

Towards the door with trembling feet;
Then says—"Thy name I do implore?"

The ready bird replies—"Tom Moore."
"O Lord!" the frighten'd clown replies,
With hair erect and staring eyes;

Half opening then the hovel door,
He asks the bird one question more:

"What brought you here?"—With quick reply
Sly *Mag* rejoins—"Bad company."

Out jumps the Gard'ner in a fright,
And runs away with all his might;
And as he runs, impress'd with dread,
Exclaims, "*The Devil's in the bed!*"

The wond'rous tale a Bencher hears,
And soothes the man, and quells his fears,
Gets *Mag* secured in *wicker* cage
Once more to spend his little rage:
In *Temple Hall* now hung on high,
Mag oft exclaims—"Bad company."

THE NEGRO BOY.

I.

IN Afric's sultry wide domains,
 Heaven's kindest gifts did I enjoy;
 And liv'd amidst my native plains,
 A simple, happy, negro boy.

II.

To chase the tyrants of the woods,
 That dar'd our flocks and herds annoy;
 Or dive beneath the silver floods,
 Amus'd the happy negro boy.

III.

But pleasure soon was changed to pain,
 (What pleasure is without alloy?)
 For soon across the stormy main,
 Was forc'd the wretched negro boy.

IV.

Th' inhuman whites, for cruel ends,
 My hapless kindred did decoy;
 And midst his weeping, captive friends,
 They chain'd the wretched negro boy.

V.

To India (doom'd to slav'ry) sent,
 One bought me into his employ;
 And with him on the seas I went,
 A poor afflicted negro boy.

VI.

A wreck our ship became at last,
 The waves each seaman did destroy;
 And on your shores alone was cast,
 The poor afflicted negro boy.

VII.

Now here condemn'd by fate to roam,
 His breast estrang'd from every joy;
 No soothing friend—no sheltering home,
 O! pity the poor negro boy.

VIII.

Remember life is but a dream,
 And happiness a glitt'ring toy;
 And you that now so happy seem,
 May soon be like the negro boy.—



THE SHORT GREAT-COAT.

I.

MY Coat, you say, is threadbare grown,
 Which may, perhaps, be true:
 But cast an eye upon your own,
 For that is threadbare too.

II.

Your Coat is shabby—but much less
 Than that in which I'm clad;
 For half a coat, I must confess,
 Can be but half as bad.

III.

A Short Great Coat what man of taste
 Would e'er submit to wear,
 That clings so close about the waist,
 And leaves the rump half bare?

IV.

Why is the usual order chang'd?
 Why thus your waistcoat hung
 About your coat? Things thus derang'd,
 Your *bead* must sure be wrong.

V.

While thus you trudge along the street
 Exposing your posteriors,
 You raise the sneers of all you meet,
 The jest of your inferiors.

VI.

Who but must laugh, long skirts to see
 Beneath, without a meaning,
 Hang dangling down below the knee,
 Like rags hung out for cleaning?

VII.

You'll say, perhaps, it is the fashion,
 And proper for the season—
 Ah! money is your ruling passion,
 And that's your only reason.

VIII.

Hence, laughable, you skip about,
 Disfigur'd in your droll coat;
 For half a coat, you'll grant no doubt,
 Comes cheaper than a whole coat!

FINIS.

THE
E X I L E:
OR THE
BANISHED PATRIOT.
A POEM.

*The Patriot's tears how can they cease to flow,
For virtuous men, by villains doom'd to go
Far from their country, and their native shore,
Never to see their friends or kindred more.*

*Tho' they die exil'd in a barren land,
Their names shall veneration still command,
To them shall future ages rear the bust,
When venal wretches sink to common dust.*

To which are added,
AN INSCRIPTION IN AN HERMITAGE.

AND
THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

A FAVOURITE SCOTS SONG.
BY ROBERT BURNS.

THE AIRSHIRE POET.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

THE
E X I L E.



A POEM.

I.

FAREWELL, oh native Spain! farewell for ever!
These banished eyes shall view thy coasts no more:
A mournful presage tells my heart, that never
Gonzalvo's steps again shall press thy shore.

II.

Hushed are the winds; while soft the vessel sailing
With gentle motion plows the unruffled main;
I feel my bosom's boasted courage failing,
And curse the waves which bear me far from Spain.

III.

I see it yet! Beneath yon blue clear heaven
Still do the spires, so well-beloved, appear.
From yonder craggy point the gale of even
Still wafts my native accents to mine ear.

IV.

Propped on some moss-crowned rock, and gaily singing,
There in the sun his nets the fisher dries;
Oft have I heard the plaintive ballad, bringing
Scenes of past joys before my sorrowing eyes.

V.

Ah! happy swain! he waits the accustomed hour,
 When twilight-gloom obscures the closing sky;
 Then gladly seeks his loved paternal bower,
 And shares the feast his native fields supply.

VI.

Friendship and Love, his cottage-guests, receive him
 With honest welcome and with smile sincere:
 No threatening woes of present joys bereave him;
 No sigh his bosom owns, his cheek no tear.

VII.

Ah! happy swain! such bliss to me denying,
 Fortune thy lot with envy bids me view;
 Me, who, from home and Spain an exile flying,
 Bid all I value, all I love, adieu.

VIII.

No more mine ear shall list the well-known ditty
 Sung by some mountain-girl, who tends her goats,
 Some village-swain imploring amorous pity,
 Or shepherd chanting wild his rustic notes.

IX.

No more my arms a parent's fond embraces,
 No more my heart domestic calm must know;
 Far from these joys, with sighs which memory traces,
 To sultry skies and distant climes I go.

X.

Where Indian suns engender new diseases,
 Where snakes and tigers breed, I bend my way,
 To brave the feverish thirst no art appeases,
 The yellow plague, and madding blaze of day.

XI.

But not to feel slow pangs consume my liver,
 To die by piece-meal in the bloom of age,
 My boiling blood drank by insatiate fever,
 And brain delirious with the day-star's rage,

XII.

Can make me know such grief, as thus to sever,
 With many a bitter sigh, dear land! from thee
 To feel this heart must dote on thee for ever,
 And feel that all thy joys are torn from me!

XIII.

Ah me! how oft will fancy's spells, in slumber,
 Recall my native country to my mind!
 How oft regret will bid me sadly number
 Each lost delight, and dear friend left behind!

XIV.

Wild Murcia's vales and loved romantic bowers,
 The river on whose banks a child I played,
 My castle's antient halls, its frowning towers,
 Each much-regreted wood, and well-known glade;

XV.

Dreams of the land where all my wishes centre,
 Thy scenes, which I am doomed no more to know,
 Full oft shall memory trace, my soul's tormentor,
 And turn each pleasure past to present woe.

XVI.

But, lo! the sun beneath the waves retires;
 Night speeds apace her empire to restore!
 Clouds from my sight obscure the village-spires,
 Now seen but faintly, and now seen no more.

XVII.

Oh! breathe not, winds! Still be the water's motion!
 Sleep, sleep, my bark, in silence on the main!
 So, when to-morrow's light shall gild the ocean,
 Once more mine eyes shall see the coast of Spain.

XVIII.

Vain is the wish! My last petition scorning,
 Fresh blows the gale, and high the billows swell:
 Far shall we be before the break of morning:
 Oh! then, for ever, native Spain, farewell!

I N S C R I P T I O N

*Engraved on a Marble Table, fixed against the
 Wall of an Hermitage.*

I.

W H O E' E R thou art these lines now reading,
 Think not, though from the world receding,
 I joy my lonely days to lead in
 This desert drear,
 That with remorse a conscience bleeding
 Hath led me here.

II.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours:
 Free-willed I fled from courtly bowers;
 For well I saw in halls and towers,
 That Lust and Pride,
 The Arch-fiend's dearest darkest powers,
 In state preside.

III.

I saw mankind with vice incrusted;
 I saw that Honour's sword was rusted:
 That few for aught but folly lusted;
 That he was still deceived who trusted
 In love or friend;
 And hither came, with men disgusted,
 My life to end.

IV.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,
 Like a foe to noisy folly
 And brow bent gloomy melancholy,
 I wear away
 My life, and in my office holy
 Consume the day.

V.

This rock my shield when storms are blowing;
 The limpid streamlet yonder flowing
 Supplying drink; the earth bestowing
 My simple food;
 But few enjoy the calm I know in
 This desert rude.

VI.

Content and comfort blest me more in
 This grot, than e'er I felt before in
 A palace; and with thoughts still soaring
 To God on high,
 Each night and morn with voice imploring
 This wish I sigh:

VII.

" Let me, O Lord! from life retire,
 Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
 Remorseful throb, or loose desire;
 And when I die,
 Let me in this belief expire,
 To God I fly!"

VIII.

Stranger, if, full of youth and riot,
 As yet no grief has marred thy quiet,
 Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
 The Hermit's prayer;
 But if thou hast a cause to sigh at
 Thy fault, or care;

IX.

If thou hast known false love's vexation,
 Or hast been exiled from thy nation,
 Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
 And makes thee pine;
 Oh! how must thou lament *thy* station,
 And envy mine!

THE
LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

A FAVOURITE SCOTS SONG.

I.

THE lovely lass of Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And ay the faul tear blins her e'e.
Drumossie muir, Drumossie day,
A wae fu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

II.

Their winding sheet the bludy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Drumossie muir, Drumossie day,
A wae fu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

III.

Now wae to thee thou cruel lord,
A bludy man I true thou be;
For mony a heart thou has made fair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!
Drumossie muir, Drumossie day,
A wae fu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.



FINIS.

CALEDONIA.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

BY

ROBERT BURNS.



To which are added,

S T A N Z A S

By Mrs. ROBINSON.

ADDRESS TO A COTTAGE.

AND

V E R S E S

ON

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

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CALEDONIA.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Tune.—"Humours of Glen."

I.

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtles let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
With the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom:

II.

Far dearer to me yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A lift'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

III.

Tho' rich is the breeze, in their gay funny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
'Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—the haunt o' the tyrant and slave!

IV.

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the wind on his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters—the chains of his Jean.

STANZAS

BY

MRS. ROBINSON.

I.

IN this vain busy world, where the Good and the Gay
 By affliction or folly wing moments away;
 Where the False are respected, the Virtuous betray'd;
 Where Vice lives in sunshine, and Genius in shade;
 With a foul-sicken'd sadness all changes I see;
 For, the world, the base world, has no pleasure for me!

II.

In cities, where wealth loads the coffers of Pride;
 Where Talents and Sorrow are ever allied;
 Where Dulness is worshipp'd, and Wisdom despis'd;
 Where none but the Empty and Vicious are priz'd;
 All scenes with disgust and abhorrence I see;
 For, the world has no corner of comfort for me!

III.

While pale Asiatics, encircled with gold,
 The sons of meek Virtue indignant behold;
 While the tithe-pamper'd Churchman reviles at the poor,
 As the lorn sinking traveller faints at his door;
 While Custom dares sanction Oppression's decree—
 Oh, keep such hard bosoms, such monsters from me!

IV.

While the flame of a Patriot expires in the breast,
 With ribbands, and tinsel, and frippery dress'd;
 While pride mocks the children of Want and Despair,
 Gives a sneer for each sigh, and a smile for each pray'r;
 Though he triumph his day, a short day it must be—
 Heav'n keep such cold tyrants, oh, keep them from me!

V.

While the Lawyer still lives by the anguish of hearts;
 While he wrings the wrong'd bosom, and thrives as it smarts;
 While he grasps the last guinea from Poverty's heir;
 While he revels in splendor which rose from Despair;
 While the tricks of his office our scourges must be;
 Oh, keep the shrewd knave and his quibbles from me!

VI.

While the court breeds the Sycophant, train'd to ensnare;
 While the prisons re-echo the groans of Despair;
 While the State deals out taxes, the Army dismay;
 While the Rich are upheld, and the Poor doom'd to pay;
 Humanity saddens with pity to see
 The scale of injustice, and trembles like me!

VII.

While Patriots are slander'd, and venal Slaves rise;
 While Pow'r grows a giant, and Liberty dies;
 While a phantom of Virtue o'er Energy reigns;
 And the broad wing of Freedom is loaded with chains;
 While War spreads its thunders o'er land and o'er seas;
 Ah, who but can listen and murmur like me!

VIII.

While the bosom which loves, and confesses its flame,
 By the high-titled Female is branded with shame;
 While a Coronet hides what the Humble despise;
 And the Lowly must fall that the Haughty may rise;
 Oh, who can the triumphs of infamy see,
 Nor shrink from the reptiles, and shudder like me!

IX.

Ah World, thou vile World, how I sicken to trace
 The anguish that hourly augments for thy race!
 How I turn from the Worst, while I honour the Best;
 The Enlighten'd adore, and the Venal detest!
 And, oh! with what joy to the grave would I flee—
 Since the World, the base World, has no pleasure for me!

 ADDRESS

TO A

COTTAGE.

 I.

HAIL, sacred scene of simply joy,
 Thou little rustic Cottage hail!
 Such as I oft have chanc'd to spy
 In far off solitary vale.

II.

I know thee by thy whiten'd wall,
 Thy lowly roof of warmest thatch,
 Thy shadowy arm, thy casement small,
 Thy humble door and simple latch.

III.

I know thee by thy garden neat,
 Where many an useful herb is seen,
 Where wall-flowers yield an odour sweet,
 And woodbines twine with jas'mines green.

IV.

Hail rustic Cot! thy nameless roof
 Each social virtue oft has known,
 "Of faith and love the matchless proof,"
 Thy little tenement has shewn.

V.

A happy husband's calm retreat—
 For fate has given a partner dear;
 A happy father's tranquil seat—
 For beauteous babes are smiling there.

VI.

There Peace affords a purer joy
 Than Luxury could e'er dispense;
 There courtly vices ne'er annoy
 The ignorance of innocence.

VII.

There, if the systematic school
 No sophist laws for life enact
 To chain the free-born mind to rule—
 The native feelings teach to act.

VIII.

Affection fills the guileless heart,
 Each knows that happiness is dear,
 And simple Nature tries t' impart
 That bliss to every object near.

IX.

Hail rustic Cot! thy frugal board
 Still may thy happy tenants spread,
 Ne'er may they court the Miser's hoard.
 While blest with peace and honest bread.

X.

May Virtue ever dwell with thee,
 And Nature's pure sensations bless.
 May pain ne'er rise—to agony,
 Nor even pleasure—to excess.

 V E R S E S

ON

GENERAL WASHINGTON.



OH for a spark of fire from that bright source,
 Which beam'd on Milton, while he struck the lyre—
 To sing our first great parents' blissful state;
 Then might the humble Muse record the praise
 Of honest modest worth in language meet;
 Might sing of one who more substantial good
 To his dear country wrought more solid joys
 Than fell Ambition ever yet achiev'd;

Of one who Nature's sacred dictates priz'd,
 And firmly cherish'd in his social breast;
 Who, without crafty wiles and tricks, could find
 The means to govern men by their own wills.

Great Washington alone, of all who live
 In Plutarch's page, or elsewhere yet survive,
 Of best esteem, from calumny is free;
 His counsels sweet, like those divine behests
 Bestow'd on Israel's sons from Sinai's mount,
 Must cheer the mind that is not callous grown,
 To deeds of great emprise, howe'er it dreads
 Lest wicked men defeat the great design.

Nor pride of riches, nor the lust of rule,
 Came near his heart; his privilege to feel
 And own the law of universal love.
 This his vast power. The world might thus be sway'd,
 Could Nature's kind pre-eminence avail;
 City with city then might vie; each seek its fame
 In Philadelphia's * mild and unassuming claim.

* Brotherly love.



FINIS.



C O L I N.

A


PASTORAL ELEGY

TO THE


M E M O R Y

OF

ROBERT BURNS.



*Blest be that day when his bland natal star
Benignly beam'd on Carrick's fruitful shore;
Blest be that day, when thron'd in Fancy's Car,
His pregnant genius first display'd its store.*



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*THE following Pastoral Elegy, to the memory of
ROBERT BURNS, was composed in the month of July,
1796, without any view to Publication; but the Author,
being solicited for copies, now submits it to the Public with
diffidence and respect.*



COLIN.

A

PASTORAL ELEGY.

I.

THE sun, now risen on the food-crown'd earth,
Incites the feather'd quoir to tune their throats,
Wak'd by the cock to join his noisy mirth,
And teach contentment in the straw-clad cots:

II.

For there vile discord, and ingratitude,
Oft seek to rob of peace the lab'ring swain;
And oft where poets place the simple good,
Attempt to fix their arbitrary reign.

III.

Lo! from his lowly home the lusty hind
Steps forth to mark the fruits of last day's toils;
Sweet is the landscape to the placid mind
Cheer'd by all-pow'rful Heav'n's propitious smiles.

IV.

The shaggy flocks upon the cottage green
Salute their kindred in the neighb'ring vale;
All nature seems to praise the beauteous scene,
Whilst I, unhappy I, but wake to wail.

V.

The jocund hours are fled when mirth and ease,
 The frank attendants of the shepherd's shed,
 Before me danc'd, fann'd by the southern breeze,
 Or hover'd round my humble willow-bed.

VI.

No more I taste the sweets of calm repose
 When from the earth the genial sun withdraws;
 Nor when his rays the teeming morn disclose,
 Can I, with grateful being, join applause.

VII.

The cloud-capt mountain, or brown-mantled hill,
 The dreary barren waste, or flow'r-clad field,
 The dashing waves, or gently gliding rill,
 To my sad stream of wo no comfort yield.

VIII.

O cease, ye warblers, cease your wood notes wild,
 Can ye give comfort to a broken heart?
 Can ye charm her by vanity beguil'd,
 Or to her giddy breast true love impart?

IX.

Yes, ye may soothe the sorrows of my mind,
 And charm the arrows of love's quiver'd boy.
 To yonder field, where wafts the breathing wind
 The bean bloom's odours to my cruel Chloe.

X.

Thou beauteous linnet on the beachen spray,
 Thou soaring sky-lark spankled o'er with dew,
 On sober wing demure go fly away,
 And chant my woes beside yon vig'rous yew.

XI.

Between its foliage and the crystal rill,
 Whose margin honey-dropping birch adorn,
 The lovely maid, unconscious of your skill,
 Her well-form'd feet bathes in the dews at morn:

XII.

At eve, preceded by her fav'rite cat,
 The flutt'ring fly she marks the tyrant seize;
 The village youth assail the luckless bat
 With deadly strife, and strange! they seem to please

XIII.

Unlike the Bard, who oft has borne the meed
 From every swain who woos the sacred nine;
 Tuning, with skill, fam'd Scotia's oaten reed
 To offer praise at mercy's golden shrine.

XIV.

Transplanted green into a richer clime,
 O may the nymph, who oft-times mortals mocks,
 Improve his fortune, yet preserve his rhyme,
 Till antient age has silver'd o'er his locks.

XV.

Hap'ly revisiting his parent stream,
 The broomy hillock, and the long-lov'd dale,
 Where erst he sung enraptur'd to his team,
 He'll hear my woes and dignify my tale.

XVI.

His lays can melt the most unfeeling heart,
 And from the scornful eye extract the tear,
 Great Master of the true pathetic art,—
 But ah, what mournful sounds are these I hear.

XVII.

- "Alas, poor Colin, all thy hopes are fled,
 "Nature's apt Pupil life's short race has run;
 "E'en now he humbly hails his kindred dead,
 "The love-lorn Ramsay, and gay Ferguson.

XVIII.

- "This morn I saw the melancholy Muse,
 "The Muse who wove for him the laurel wreath,
 "With tears, as pure as flow the vernal dews,
 "Bemoan her favourite Son's untimely death.

XIX.

- "Thou orb of days," she cry'd, "whose smiles dispel
 "The shades of night, bear witness of my wo,"
 Then thrice she sadly struck her deep-ton'd snell,
 And from the echoing copse ascended slow.

XX.

- "Life what art thou? A varied fleeting scene;
 "Now grief and pain, now joy and pleasure rule,
 "Now fortune smiles, and now, with frightful mien,
 "Pale poverty stalks in and calls her fool.

XXI.

- "Man is like autumn plants, nurs'd by the hand
 "Of fostering care beneath a clement sky,
 "No sooner do their dulcet flowers appear
 "Than ruthless winter makes them pine and die."

XXII.

- And is BURNS dead! sweet minstrel of our plains,
 And fled the spark that did his lays inspire?
 As poor as he I sing untutor'd strains,
 But not as he endu'd with heavenly fire.

XXIII.

Enamour'd of his wife unlabour'd page,
 The argent Graver of immortal fame
 His merit shall announce from age to age,
 And Scotia's sons unborn esteem his name.

XXIV.

Blest be that day when his bland natal star,
 Benignly beam'd on Carrick's fruitful shore;
 Blest be that day, when thron'd in Fancy's Car,
 His pregnant genius first display'd its store.

XXV.

Blest be his widow'd wife, left to regret
 A husband's death, involv'd in want and wo;
 O may their offspring meet a kinder fate,
 Possess his worth, but ne'er his frailties know!

XXVI.

Ye who now smile in fickle fortune's ray,
 If aught can charm you that's sublime in song;
 If e'er you scann'd his solemn pensive lay,
 Or when his sportive muse gay skims along.

XXVII.

Or when, indignant, his satiric pow'rs
 The hypocrite and faint-like villain sting;
 Yours be the task to cheer the orphan flow'rs,
 And aid the culture of their tender spring.

XXVIII.

How oft by him has friendship's sacred voice
 Dispell'd the glooms that chequer'd life annoy,
 The child of fullen grief made to rejoice
 Amid his woes, and weep with gen'rous joy.

XXIX.

How oft has virtuous timid want oppress
 With all the ills attendant on this state,
 Gone joyful from his door, his bounty blest,
 And for a time forgot the frowns of fate.

XXX.

The noble mind, with pleasure, will display
 The genuine beauties of the fallen Bard:
 While melancholy meek will oft-times stray
 To mark the verdure of his lone church-yard.

XXXI.

There let the Mountain-daisy spring to grace
 The virgin beauties of the opening year;
 There let the Lark begin her airy race,
 And claim for heaven-taught Burns the Muse's tear.



THE
POOR MAN'S PRAYER.

ADDRESSED TO THE
EARL OF CHATHAM.

BY
DOCTOR ROBERTS.

To which are added,
THE TRAVELLER.
A FAVOURITE NEW SONG.

AND
THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK.

*O Chatham! nurs'd in ancient Virtue's lore,
To these sad strains incline a favouring ear;
Think on the God, whom thou and I adore,
Nor turn unpitying from the poor man's prayer.*

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

THE
POOR MAN'S PRAYER.



ADDRESSED TO THE
EARL OF CHATHAM.

I.

AMIDST the more important toils of state,
The counsels labouring in thy patriot soul,
Tho' Europe from thy voice expect her fate,
And thy keen glance extend from pole to pole:

II.

O Chatham! nurs'd in ancient Virtue's lore,
To these sad strains incline a favouring ear;
Think on the God, whom thou and I adore,
Nor turn unpitying from the poor man's prayer!

III.

Ah, me! how bless'd was once a peasant's life!
No lawless passion swell'd my even breast;
Far from the stormy waves of civil strife,
Sound were my slumbers, and my heart at rest.

IV.

I ne'er for guilty, painful pleasures rov'd,
But taught by Nature, and by choice, to wed,
From all the hamlet cull'd whom best I lov'd,
With her I staid my heart, with her my bed.

V.

To gild her worth, I ask'd no wealthy power,
 My toil could feed her, and my arm defend;
 In youth, or age, in pain, or pleasure's hour,
 The same fond husband, father, brother, friend.

VI.

And she, the faithful partner of my care,
 When ruddy evening streak'd the western sky,
 Look'd tow'rd's the uplands, if her mate was there,
 Or thro' the beech-wood cast an anxious eye:

VII.

Then, careful-matron, heap'd the maple board
 With savoury herbs, and pick'd the nicer part
 From such plain food-as Nature could afford,
 Ere simple Nature was debauch'd by Art;

VIII.

While I, contented with my homely cheer,
 Saw round my knees my prattling children play;
 And oft, with pleas'd attention, sat to hear
 The little history of their idle day.

IX.

But ah! how chang'd the scene! On the cold stones
 Where wont at night to blaze the chearful fire,
 Pale Famine sits, and counts her naked bones,
 Still sighs for food, still pines with vain desire.

X.

My faithful wife, with ever-streaming eyes,
 Hangs on my bosom her dejected head;
 My helpless infants raise their feeble cries,
 And from their father claim their daily bread.

XL

Dear tender pledges of my honest love,
 On that bare bed behold your brother lie:
 Three tedious days with pinching want he strove,
 The fourth, I saw the helpless cherub die.

XII.

Nor long shall ye remain. With visage sour
 Our tyrant lord commands us from our home;
 And arm'd with cruel Law's coercive power,
 Bids me and mine o'er barren mountains roam.

XIII.

Yet never Chatham, have I pass'd a day
 In riot's orgies, or in idle ease;
 Ne'er have I sacrific'd to sport and play,
 Or wish'd a pamper'd appetite to please.

XIV.

Hard was my fate, and constant was my toil;
 Still with the morning's orient light I rose,
 Fell'd the stout oak, or rais'd the lofty pile,
 Parch'd in the sun, in dark December froze.

XV.

Is it that Nature with a niggard hand
 Withholds her gifts from these once-favour'd plains?
 Has God, in vengeance to a guilty land,
 Sent dearth and famine to her labouring swains?

XVI.

Ah, no! yon hill, where daily sweats my brow,
 A thousand flocks, a thousand herds adorn;
 Yon field, where late I drove the painful plough,
 Feels all her acres crown'd with wavy corn.

XVII.

But what avails that o'er the furrow'd soil
 In autumn's heat the yellow harvests rise,
 If artificial want elude my toil,
 Untasted plenty wound my craving eyes?

XVIII.

What profits, that at distance I behold
 My wealthy neighbour's fragrant smoke ascend,
 If still the griping cormorants withhold
 The fruits which rain and genial seasons send?

XIX.

If those fell vipers of the public weal
 Yet unrelenting on our bowels prey;
 If still the curse of penury we feel,
 And in the midst of plenty pine away?

XX.

In every port the vessel rides secure,
 That wafts our harvest to a foreign shore:
 While we the pangs of pressing want endure,
 The sons of strangers riot on our store.

XXI.

O generous Chatham! stop those fatal sails,
 Once more with out-stretch'd arm thy Briton's save;
 Th' unheeding crew but wait for favouring gales,
 O stop them, ere they stem Italia's wave!

XXII.

From thee alone I hope for instant aid,
 'Tis thou alone canst save my children's breath;
 O deem not little of our cruel need!
 O haste to help us! for delay is death.

XXIII.

So may nor spleen nor envy blast thy name,
 Nor voice profane thy patriot acts deride;
 Still may'st thou stand the first in honest fame,
 Unstung by folly, vanity, or pride!

XXIV.

So may thy languid limbs with strength be brac'd,
 And glowing health support thy active soul;
 With fair renown thy public virtue grac'd,
 Far as thou bad'st Britannia's thunder roll.

XXV.

'Then ' Joy to thee, and to thy children peace,'
 The grateful hind shall drink from Plenty's horn:
 And while they share the cultur'd land's increase,
 The poor shall bless the day when Pitt was born!

THE

T R A V E L L E R.

A FAVOURITE NEW SONG.

Tune—" *Poor Jack.*"

1.

A Traveller full forty years I have been,
 But never went over to France;
 All cities, and most market towns have been in,
 'Twixt Berwick-on-Tweed and Penzance;

My own native country with pleasure I range

All seasons and times of the year,

In fashion still find a continual change,

Something novel will always appear:

The world, tho' 'tis round, as about it we go,

Strange ways, turns, and crosses, we see,

But the favourite road which I wish to pursue,

Is—through life to go easy and free.

H.

The Traveller, braving a bleak wintry day,

To what place he soe'er may resort,

When reaching his Inn, is as cheerful and gay,

As the sailor that gets into port:

Well seated and serv'd, his refreshment how sweet,

What comfort it gives to the heart,

And where a few friends unexpectedly meet,

How fond each his tale to impart:

But know this idea, which none can detest,

Has long been implanted in me;

That whatever maxims are follow'd, the best

Is—through life to go easy and free.

III.

If fraught with good-humour, I care not how much

In sentiment people divide,

In opinion for differing my temper is such,

I scorn any soul to deride.

Though the dictates of reason flow pointed and strong,

Such prejudice hangs on the mind,

From debates, howe'er pertinent, nervous or long,

You seldom a convert will find;

Then shew me the man wheresoever I go,

That always will socially be,

If we can't think alike, still the beauty of all

Is—through life to go easy and free.



As sons of the whip must to business attend,
 I always make much of the day,
 At night with my bottle, my pipe, and my friend,
 The moments glide smoothly away:
 All travellers truly it must be confess'd
 Good orders are glad to receive,
 Disappointments in trade never rob me of rest,
 For madness I deem it to grieve:
 Then my worthies the toast, which to give I'm inclin'd,
 I hope with all minds will agree,
 Wishing every free-hearted friend to mankind
 Through life may go easy and free.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK.

YE chiefs of the ocean your laurels throw by,
 And the cypress entwine with a wreath,
 To show your humanity heave a soft sigh,
 And the tear now let fall for his death.
 Yet the Genius of Britain forbids us to grieve,
 For COOK, ever honour'd, immortal shall live.
 The hero of MACEDON ran o'er the world,
 Yet nothing but death could he give;
 Till GEORGE gave the word, and the sails were unfurl'd,
 And COOK taught mankind how to live.
 He came, and he saw—not to conquer but save,
 For the Cæsar of Britain was he;
 He scorn'd the ambition of making a slave,
 Since Britons themselves are so free.

THE SEASONS.

IN FOUR PASTORALS.

BY MR. BREREWOOD.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.



I. SPRING.

I.

WHEN, approach'd by the fair dewy fingers of Spring,
Swelling buds open first, and look gay;
When the birds on the boughs by their mates sit and sing,
And are danc'd by the breeze on each spray;

II.

When gently descending, the rain in soft showers,
With its moisture refreshes the ground;
And the drops, as they hang on the plants and the flowers,
Like rich gems beam a lustre around:

III.

When the wood-pigeons sit on the branches and coo;
And the cuckoo proclaims with his voice,
That Nature marks this for the season to woo,
And for all that can love to rejoice:

IV.

In a cottage at night may I spend all my time,
In the fields and the meadows all day,
With a maiden whose charms are as yet in their prime,
Young as April, and blooming as May!

V.

When the lark with thrill notes sings aloft in the morn,
May my fairest and I sweetly wake,
View the far distant hills, which the sun-beams adorn,
Then arise, and our cottage forsake.

When the sun shines so warm, that my charmer and I
 May recline on the turf without fear,
 Let us there all vain thoughts and ambition defy,
 While we breathe the first sweets of the year.

VII.

Be this spot on a hill, and a spring from it's side
 Bubble out, and transparently flow,
 Creep gently along in meanders, and glide
 Thro' the vale strew'd with daisies below.

VIII.

While the bee flies from blossom to blossom, and sips,
 And the violets their sweetness impart,
 Let me hang on her neck, and so taste from her lips
 The rich cordial that thrills to the heart.

IX.

While the dove sits lamenting the loss of its mate,
 Which the fowler has caught in his snares,
 May we think ourselves blest'd that it is not our fate
 To endure such an absence as theirs.

X.

May I listen to all her soft, tender, sweet notes,
 When she sings, and no sounds interfere,
 But the warbling of birds, which in stretching their throats
 Are at strife to be louder than her.

XI.

When the daisies, and cowslips, and primroses blow,
 And chequer the meads and the lawns,
 May we see bounding there the swift light-footed doe,
 And pursue with our eye the young fawns.

XII.

When the lapwings, just fledg'd, o'er the turf take their run,
 And the firstlings are all at their play,
 And the harmless young lambs skip about in the sun,
 Let us then be as frolick as they.

XIII.

When I talk of my love, should I chance to espy
 That she seems to mistrust what I say,
 By a tear that is ready to fall from her eye,
 With my lips let me wipe it away.

XIV.

If we sit, or we walk, may I cast round my eyes,
 And let no single beauty escape;
 But see none to create so much love and surprize,
 As her eyes, and her face, and her shape.

XV.

Thus each day let us pass, till the buds turn to leaves,
 And the meadows around us are mown;
 When the lass on the sweet-smelling haycock receives
 What she afterwards blushes to own.

XVI.

When evenings grow cool, and the flow'rs hang their heads
 With the dew, then no longer we'll roam,
 With my arm round her waist, in a path thro' the meads,
 Let us hasten to find our way home.

XVII.

When the birds are at roost, with their heads in their wings,
 Each one by the side of its mate;
 When a mist that arises, a drowfiness brings
 Upon all but the owl and the bat:

XVIII.

When soft rest is requir'd, and the stars lend their light,
 And all nature lies quiet and still;
 When no sound breaks the sacred repose of the night,
 But, at distance, the clack of a mill:

XIX.

With peace for our pillow, and free from all noise,
 So that voices in whispers are known;
 Let us give and receive all the nameless soft joys
 That are mus'd on by lovers alone.

II. SUMMER.

I.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees,
 With my fair-one as blooming as May,
 Undisturb'd by all sound, but the sighs of the breeze,
 Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

II.

When the sun, less intense, to the westward inclines,
 For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
 And see the rays dance as inverted he shines,
 On the face of some river or lake:

III.

Where my fairest and I, on its verge as we pass,
 (For 'tis she that must still be my theme)
 Our two shadows may view on the watery glass,
 While the fish are at play in the stream.

IV.

May the herds cease to low, and the lambkins to bleat,
 When she sings me some amorous strain;
 All be silent, and hush'd, unless echo repeat
 The kind words and sweet sounds back again.

V.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
 Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
 Let the moon's silver beams thro' the leaves give us light,
 Just direct us, and chequer our way.

VI.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
 As thus gently and slowly we move;
 And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,
 But of friendship improv'd into love.

VII.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
 And secure from ambition's alarms,
 Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
 And each morning shall rise with new charms.

III. AUTUMN.

I.

THO' the seasons must alter, ah! yet let me find,
 What all must confess to be rare,
 A female still chearful, and faithful and kind,
 The blessings of Autumn to share.

II.

Let one side of our cottage, a flourishing vine,
 Overspread with its branches and shade;
 Whose clusters appear more transparent and fine,
 As its leaves are beginning to fade.

III.

When the fruit makes the branches bend down with its load,
 In our orchard surrounded with pales;
 In a bed of clean straw let our apples be stow'd,
 For a tart that in winter regales.

IV.

When the vapours that rise from the earth in the morn
 Seem to hang on its surface like smoke,
 Till dispers'd by the sun that gilds over the corn,
 Within doors let us prattle and joke.

V.

But when we see clear all the hues of the leaves,
 And at work in the fields are all hands,
 Some in reaping the wheat, others binding the sheaves,
 Let us carelessly stroll o'er the lands.

VI.

How pleasing the sight of the toiling they make,
 To collect what kind Nature has sent!
 Heaven grant we may not of their labour partake;
 But, oh! give us their happy content.

VII.

And sometimes on a bank, under shade, by a brook,
 Let us silently sit at our ease,
 And there gaze on the stream, till the fish on the hook
 Struggles hard to procure its release.

VIII.

And now, when the husbandman sings harvest-home,
 And the corn's all got into the house;
 When the long wish'd-for time of their meeting is come,
 To frolick, and feast, and carouse:

IX

When the leaves from the trees are begun to be shed,
 And are leaving the branches all bare,
 Either strew'd at the roots, shrivell'd, wither'd, and dead,
 Or else blown to and fro in the air:

X.

When the ways are so miry, that bogs they might seem,
 And the axle-tree's ready to break,
 While the waggoner whistles in stopping his team,
 And then claps the poor jades on the neck:

XI.

In the morning let's follow the cry of the hounds,
 Or the fearful young covey beset;
 Which tho' skulking in stubble and weeds on the grounds,
 Are becoming a prey to the net.

XII.

Let's enjoy all the pleasure retirement affords,
 Still amus'd with these innocent sports,
 Nor once envy the pomp of fine ladies and lords,
 With their grand entertainments in courts.

XIII.

In the ev'ning, when lovers are leaning on styles,
 Deep engag'd in some amorous chat,
 And 'tis very well known by his grin and her smiles,
 What they both have a mind to be at:

XIV.

To our dwelling, tho' homely, well-pleas'd to repair,
 Let our mutual endearments revive;
 And let no single action or look but declare,
 How contented and happy we live.

XV.

Should ideas arise that may ruffle the soul,
 Let soft musick the phantoms remove;
 For 'tis harmony only has force to controul,
 And unite all the passions in love.

XVI.

With her eyes but half open, her cap all awry,
 When the lass is preparing for bed,
 And the sleepy dull clown, who sits nodding just by,
 Sometimes rouses and scratches his head:

XVII.

In the night when 'tis cloudy, and rainy, and dark,
 And the labourers snore as they lie,
 Not a noise to disturb us, unless a dog bark,
 In the farm, or the village hard by:

XVIII.

At the time of sweet rest, and of quiet like this,
 Ere our eyes are clos'd up in their lids,
 Let us welcome the season, and taste of that bliss
 Which the sun-shine and day-light forbids!

IV. WINTER.

I.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
 And the meadows their beauty have lost;
 When Nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost:

II.

While the peasant inactive stands shivering with cold,
 As bleak the winds northernly blow;
 And the innocent flocks run for warmth to the fold,
 With their fleeces besprinkled with snow:

III.

In the yard, when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
 And they send forth their breath in a steam;
 And the neat-looking dairy-maid sees the must thaw
 Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream:

IV.

When the sweet country-maiden, as fresh as a rose,
 As she carelessly trips often slides,
 And the rusticks laugh loud, if by falling she shows
 All the charms that her modesty hides:

V.

When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,
 In a crowd round the embers are met,
 Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
 And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat:

VI.

Heav'n grant, in this season, it may be my lot,
 With the nymph whom I love and admire;
 While the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,
 I may thither in safety retire!

VII.

Where in neatness and quiet—and free from surprize,
 We may live, and no hardships endure;
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
 But such as each other may cure!

F I N I S.



M A R Y,

AN

O R I G I N A L

P O E M

RECOMMENDED

TO THE ATTENTION OF THE

L A D I E S.

*Sweet lovely maid, accept these lays,
Thy merit only gave them birth,
Tho' poor the strain that sings thy praises
Ne'er sung be, but in praise of worth.*

GLASGOW:

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M A R Y

*IT is presumed that the following Poem
will not be deemed undeserving of attention,
as it is descriptive of a character worthy of
imitation.*



M A R Y.

I

LOVELY power, that o'er the heart,
With gentle despotism reigns,
And, with manners void of art,
Leads mankind in willing chains;

II.

Lovely power, of sweetest joys,
The courteous smile, the eye benign,
'The accent soft, th' assenting voice,
Th' attentive, affable design;

III.

Gentle power, possess my breast,
 And, images of softness raise,
 And, banish thence each thought unblest,
 While I sing in Mary's praise.

IV.

I seek not beauty's power to trace,
 Tho' of beauty she has store:
 Small's beauty's power, and soon its grace,
 Will lose its charm to charm no more.

V.

Nor praise I yet her wealth, or birth,
 Poor the triumphs they bestow,
 She prides not things so void of worth,
 Nor stoops my muse to praise so low.

VI.

Nor yet the witty things she says
 Seek I on the lyre to sound,
 Wit is a momentary blaze,
 A spark that dazzles but to wound.

VII.

Let wit, ne'er touch thy strings, my lyre,
 A fatal spark, howe'er its fame,
 And O! it kindles many a fire,
 Where withers many a lovely name.

VIII.

Thy strings, my lyre, ne'er sound its praise,
 Wit many a blushing pang hath given,
 Drawn many a son from virtue's ways,
 And many a daughter fit for heaven.

IX.

Let wit, my lyre, ne'er touch thy strings,
 'Mid many a wild, and many a thorn,
 Its wandering votaries it brings,
 And leaves a phantom in return.

X.

I praise thee, Mary, not for wit;
 Good humour'd sense is better far,
 And that thou hast with manners fit,
 Manners mild as morning-star.

XIV

It is because thou'rt virtue's child,
 Virtue in her softest dress,
 Virtue, lovely, sweet and mild;
 Virtue, seeking how to bless.

XII.

The soft address, the smiling eyes,
 The manners gentle and benign,
 In these, a woman's glory lies,
 And these, sweet Mary, all are thine!

XIII.

Stealing upon the heart they seize,
 With windings soft, yet closely wove,
 When lovely woman stoops to please
 The hardest heart must bend to love.

XIV.

O! why then lovely females, wander
 From where your pride and glory lies,
 Why leave the gentle, soft meander,
 For boist'rous seas, and stormy skies.

XV.

Cold disdain and looks of state,
 Laughter boist'rous, noisy wit,
 Proud neglect, nor loud debate,
 Ah! lovely woman ill befit.

XVI.

Sweet courtesy, and winning smiles,
 Manners soft, and void of art—
 These, are Love's engaging wiles,
 These are they which win the heart.

XVII.

But rougher tasks, O! surely never,
 For sweet woman were ordain'd.
 You lose by striving to be clever,
 What your native charms had gain'd.

XVIII.

Nature made ye gentle creatures,
 Take the way where nature leads,
 Maidens, view your lovely features,
 And seek the vales and flow'ry meads.

XIX.

Sweetly, flows the soft meander,
 On its banks grow every flower,
 There, the loyes and graces wander,
 There, arises Venus' bower.

XX.

And there, sweet Mary, thou dost stray,
 No masic'line airs dost thou assume,
 Sweet Mary bends her graceful way,
 Where violets and lilies bloom.

XXI.

No cold disdain or haughty mien,
 On Mary's brow yet ever fate,
 Nor proud neglect, in her was seen
 To children of a lowly fate.

XXII.

For, well she argued, birth and power,
 And riches, ne'er for pride were given;
 The shining pageants of an hour,
 Talents lent by favouring heaven.

XXIII.

Nor e'er the wit did Mary try,
 Which stains the modest cheek with shame;
 Far less what with a varnish'd lie
 Discolours all a spotless name.

XXIV.

Ah! no, for a much nobler end,
 Her wit the lovely Mary us'd;
 To cheer the humble, or defend
 The fame of innocence abus'd.

XXV.

Oft, have I sat, and, with an eye,
 Of silent pleasure, on her gaz'd,
 While the bent flower of modest dye,
 All drooping, she has gently rais'd.

XXVI.

How oft delighted have I sat,
 And view'd the charmer's gentle schemes,
 To lead the humble to forget
 And still his fears in pleasing dreams.

XXVII.

How oft delighted have I seen
 Her fondly take the fallen's part,
 With quickest thought, and noblest mien,
 And yet with such a gentle art—

XXVIII.

A manner, fearful to offend,
 Yielding, yet firm, to virtue's right,
 She argued only to befriend,
 Delighting, only to delight.

XXIX.

O lovely maid! oft have I turn'd,
 From brows of haughty scorn to thee,
 When insults in my bosom burn'd,
 For haughty looks have wounded me.

XXX.

And insults haughty looks I deem,
 And cold replies, or proud neglect,
 More galling far, because they seem
 Convey'd with manners of respect—

XXXI.

I turn'd, and found a gentle balm,
 That 'swag'd the tumults of my breast,
 Thy sweet replies, bade all be calm,
 Thy smiles, restor'd my soul to rest.

XXXII.

Then, lovely maid, accept these lays,
 Thy merit, only, gave them birth,
 Tho' poor the swain that sings thy praise,
 Ne'er sung he, but in praise of worth.

XXXIII.

Nor stoop'd he e'er to fawn the great,
 Or praise what fell from folly's tongue;
 He saw no charms in pomp or state,
 And what he saw not, he ne'er sung.

XXXIV.

Tho' poor the swain that sings thy praise,
 He scorns to bow at flattery's shrine,
 Put on this crown of humble bays,
 For not a wreath is there but thine.

XXXV.

And find you in this crown of bays,
 A flow'r ill-chosen, or ill-weav'd,
 Blame not a youth who seeks no praise,
 Nor wishes but to be believ'd.

XXXVI.

Too proud to fawn, to hope too low,
 He never fann'd love's gentle fire,
 Sweet worth to praise, and praising show,
 Was all his swelling heart's desire.



F I N I S.



CUMIN AND MARGARET.

A BALLAD.

Never before Published.

To which are added,

A

SOLILOQUY

UPON MY

LAST SIXPENCE.

AND

THE ROSE.

*In Scotia beauteous Marg'ret dwelt;
A noble Baron was her fire;
Her charms the hardest hearts did melt;
With love the coldest breasts did fire.*

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CUMIN AND MARGARET.



A BALLAD.

I.

IN Scotia beauteous Marg'ret dwelt;
A noble Baron was her fire;
Her charms the hardest hearts did melt;
With love the coldest breasts did fire.

II.

Low, at her feet, all ranks fell down;
Like death her beauties no one spar'd;
The pearl-deck'd prince, and freeze-clad clown,
Alike, of love the anguish shar'd.

III.

No pleasure e'er could Marg'ret know
In all the sheen of Edinburgh's court:
Of fawning, flattery and show,
She made her by-word and her sport.

IV.

The babbling brook, the primros'd plain,
The linnet's lay, the buxom breeze,
The story of the simple swain,
And things like these did Peggy please.

V.

"Fame, adulation, pomp and pelf;
"Can ye content or joy confer."
Oft thus, she reason'd with herself,
No living being nigh to her.

VI.

"And you, ye dukes and princes gay,
"I know your arts and baseness well;
"Did you love more you less would say;
"How Cumin-loves, he cannot tell."

VII.

This Cumin's beauty, grace and truth,
The bard no time takes to indite:
Let this suffice; he was a youth
Most precious in fair Marg'ret's sight.

VIII.

But tho' he was both fair and good,
It likewise was high heav'n's decree,
Himself and all his lineage should
Be but poor men of mean degree.

I .

Her father's castle was the place
Where Marg'ret pass'd a youth of joy;
Where first she knew the winning face,
And manners of the rural boy.

X.

O! many a walk had they unseen
Around, around the swan-throng'd lake;
And gambol on the daisied green,
And prattle 'neath the blooming brake.

XI.

Ev'n when to court she was remov'd,
 Young Cumin never was forgot;
 Still was the youth whom dear she lov'd,
 Her nightly dream, her daily thought.

XII.

The Baron long with jealous eyes
 Had mark'd with care each interview;
 And found, though mask'd in Friendship's guise,
 'Twas love their hearts together drew.

XIII.

© Baron how did it transfix
 That soaring, venal heart of thine,
 To think a vassal wretch should mix
 His baseness with thy king-sprung line!

XIV.

In schemes and plans, deep was he school'd;
 Knew where to fear, and where expect:
 But the most prescient have been fool'd
 By shrewd projections, in effect.

XV.

His daughter to a foreign land
 He sent across the stormy main,
 And counterfeiting Marg'ret's hand
 This letter sent the guileless swain:

XVI.

" O Cumin! I'm for ever fled
 " From thee to a far distant shore;
 " Gone with a lord whom forc'd to wed
 " Was she who ne'er shall see thee more."

XVII.

The Shepherd read, paus'd, read and sigh'd;

A bosom big with wo had he;

The broad rose on his young cheek dy'd,

And languid grew his eye of glee.

XVIII.

'Twas night: forth from his cot he stole;

The harvest moon the skies illum'd;

But shone in vain to light a soul,

That matchless misery had gloom'd.

XIX.

Loud moan'd the sympathizing wind;

In pity heav'n some great drops shed;

The mournful trees, their foliage tin'd,

In rustling showers upon his head.

XX.

Sweet Progne pour'd her silver song;

Yet stay'd he not her song to list;

The thistle downs that flew along

Most tenderly his wan cheek kiss'd.

XXI.

He walk'd thro' glens and wilds-unpath'd;

He pass'd a lofty elm and oak

That heav'n's fierce fires had sorely scath'd;

He look'd at them, but never spoke.

XXII.

A waste the traveller espy'd,

His pensive mind that strongly caught;

He paus'd a moment, deeply sigh'd,

And sadly utter'd what he thought.

XXIII.

"This castle now in ruins laid,
"Once glitter'd in the azure arch,
"And its proud spires have often staid
"The black clouds on their solemn march:

XXIV.

"As low my raptures ligg in wo,
"As in the dust thy turrets lie;
"From one cause sprung our overthrow—
"Tow'rs, you and Cumin were too high."

XXV.

At length amidst a horrid wild
An abrupt rock display'd its brow
He said, and as he spoke he smil'd;
"My journey's end, behold it now."

XXVI.

Here shut we up the serious lay,
Nor more of the drear tale impart;
Concealing Cumin's mangl'd clay,
And maniac Marg'ret's grief-gash'd heart.

XXVII.

Haste, haste, O haste! ye blissful days
When Virtue, Vice shall stand before;
When wealthless worth shall brighter blaze
Than proud descent, or earth-dug ore.

SOLILOQUY

UPON MY

LAST SIXPENCE,

Having lost a few SHILLINGS the day before.

IN the far corner of a ragged pocket,
 There still remains a solitary sixpence,
 My last resource——Its glittering brothers,
 To me, alas! are now no more! all gone,
 Thro' the dire gap of a deceitful seam;
 My honest, faithful, generous friends, farewell!
 Joy of my heart, and pleasure of my eyes,
 You royal stamps of majesty divine,
 Yes, you, who never yet refus'd your service,
 Tho' sent on errand, e'er so vile, or mean.

[Looking at the sixpence.]

Thou little twinkler, thou alone remain'st,
 Of all my glittering store.—And must thou too dissolve,
 Yes, time will have it so.—There, Waiter, bring me change—
 What, tho' thou art my last! and here thou leav'st
 Thy master friendless on a foreign shore!
 He shall not droop; sure that same power, who kindly feeds
 The hungry ravens, when to him they cry,
 The orphan's father, and the stranger's shield,
 Can succour him, tho' guilty, poor, and friendless—
 Go then, and fetch the friendly cordial.—
 But let me charge thee, as my last request,
 O! still be kind and useful, ever thun

The impious hand, that would, in iron chest,
 Thy useful, humble services confine.—
 Go, I dismiss thee—oh! farewell!—for ever!—
 As light'ning swift, fly to some empty fob,
 And faithful still, as thou hast been to me,
 Assist, where'er chill penury usurps,
 For only there thy value can be known.



THE ROSE.

I.

O STELLA! see that blooming rose
 Aurora's vivid tints display;
 While o'er its leaves the purple glows,
 What charms it opens to the day.

II.

But, sad example to the fair,
 To-morrow view its faded bloom:
 In spite of every tender care,
 It, pale and wither'd, meets its doom.

III.

Let pity for the Rose's fate,
 Thy gentle bosom, Stella, move;
 And, ah! remember, e'er too late,
 Thy form a short liv'd Rose will prove.



FAITHFU' ANNIE;

A LOVE SONG.

To which are added,

JONNY'S GRAVE:

A DIRGE.

ELEGY TO A PINE TREE.

VERSES TO MY DOG, SLEEPING.

SONNET TO THE RIVER CAM.

AND

INSCRIPTION ON THE GRAVE STONE

OF

MRS. MARGARET DONALDSON.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.

FAITHFUL ANNIE:



A LUVE SANG.

I.

THE gudeman turn'd the barn door key,
The nowte were in the byre ;
The gudewife span wi' muckle glee,
The weans play'd roun' the fire.

II.

I sat me in the ingle nuik,
And joked wi' my luve,
But a' the jokes that I cou'd crack,
The deel a ane cou'd muve.

III.

I saw the draps rin happin doon,
And o'er her cheeks fae fairly ;
And ilka tear that wat the grun,
It touch'd my heart fu' fairly.

IV.

I scarcely dought to speer the cause,
That set my luve a greeting,
I little kend she thought me fause,
And fair my heart was beating.

V.

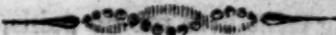
Waes me, she tauld me a' her fears,
 She said *I wink'd at Jenny*,
 Which was the cause o' a' her tears;
 She thought I lo'ed na Annie.

VI.

O! gie me sic a lafs as this,
 And fortune I despise her,
 Wi' Annie's luve I'll live in blifs,
 And never cease to prize her.

VII.

Let fortune now, do what she dow,
 Wi' Annie always smiling,
 I have nae cares, I have nae fears,
 But fast dboon life am failing.



JONNY'S GRAVE:

A DIRGE.

I.

A TARTAN plaid was a' she had,
 The gloomy lift did lour;
 The sun was doon, scarce look'd aboon,
 And o'er the hills did glour.
 Wi' dulefu' step the verdant turf she prest,
 To Jonny's grave, where a' her sorrows rest.

II.

The driving shower, did fast down pour,
 Wi' grief she cou'dna speak;
 Thro' ilka bough, the wind did fough,
 Her heart was like to break.
 Wi' dulefu' step the verdant turf she prest,
 To Jonny's grave, where a' her sorrows rest.

III.

Upon this tomb, in wacsome gloom,
 Her lovely form she threw;
 She clasp'd the sod, the fully clod,
 And loud the west wind blew.
 Wi' throbbing breast the verdant turf she prest,
 On Jonny's grave, where a' her sorrows rest.

IV.

What is the scowl, the tempest's howl,
 The storm it hurts not me;
 The driving rains give me no pains,
 My soul feels all for thee.
 As on the grave she lay with throbbing breast,
 On Jonny's grave, where a' her sorrows rest.

V.

Shall I bemoan when thou art gone,
 And wipe the tear to start;
 Upon thy turf I've wept enough,
 For sorrow breaks my heart.
 In death! in death! the verdant turf she prest,
 On Jonny's grave where a' her sorrows rest.

ELEGY

TO A PINE TREE IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

I.

SEE sprightly May, with rosy garlands crown'd,
Returns at length to bliss the jocund year;
See how his blooming sweets he spreads around
While smiling meads their greenest liv'ries wear.

II.

The Graces join, and lead the dancing hours,
Inspire new flames, receive extinguish'd love,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flow'rs
Which wake their sweets, and deck the leafy grove.

III.

The balmy Zephyrs fan the genial fire,
And gently curl the waving tops of corn,
While thro' each list'ning grove, the feather'd choir,
With gladsome carols hail the rising morn.

IV.

Mark, where in fallen pride yon Pine-tree stands,
And seems amid the gen'ral joy to mourn,
In fallen state its naked arms expand,
By ruffian Time of all its honours shorn!

V.

Ill-fated tree ! no more with vernal grace,
 To rise the monarch of the leafy groves,
 Among whose boughs no more the feather'd race
 Shall wake their voice to tune their little loves.

VI.

No more at softest hour some kindred pair,
 The melting lover and the blooming maid,
 To thee shall from the noisy world repair,
 And pour their vows beneath thy kindly shade.

 TO MY DOG, SLEEPING.

I.

Al, happy Dog ! thou feel'st no wo,
 No anguish to molest
 Thy peaceful hours, that sweetly flow,
 Alternate sport and rest !

II.

Man's call'd thy Lord, Affliction's heir,
 And Sorrow's helpless son !
 He is a slave to ev'ry care,
 Thou art a slave to none.

III.

Blest near thy Master thus to lie,
 And blest with him to rove ;

Unstain'd by guilt, thy moments fly
 On wings of grateful love.

IV.

O that my heart, like thine, could taste
 The sweets of guiltless life,
 Beyond the reach of passion plac'd,
 Its anguish and its strife !

SONNET TO THE RIVER CAM.

I.

WHILST on thy sedgy bank I pensive stray,
 And mark thy ling'ring waters silent lave
 Thy rows of ancient willows, as they wave
 Their thin pale foliage o'er thy level way ;
 Sternly doth Mem'ry point the distant day,
 Which to thy favour'd seats too rashly gave
 My untried youth, unskill'd the spell to brave
 Of Sloth's insidious Smile, and Pleasure's dulcet Lay.]

II.

Sleep on, dull Stream, emblem, methinks, of those
 Thy pamper'd sons, who, emulous no more,
 The page of Science as they rudely close,
 Listless and sad drag out the lengthen'd hour ;
 Or, if more social claims forbid repose,
 With obscure jest prophane the Muse's bower.

IN MEMORY OF
MRS. MARGARET DONALDSON,
WHO DIED, AGED 23.

From Rbynd Church-yard, Perthshire.

POSSESS'D of every winning female grace,
Pure in thy mind, as lovely in thy face ;
Lent for a time to soothe the toils of life,
To charm as daughter, mother, friend, and wife,
Sweet excellence, farewell ! now peaceful laid,
Where pain and sickness shall no more invade.

At thought of thee, when Nature drops the tear,
And pays the tribute to thy early bier,
Thy meek example then shall teach the mind
To bear submissive, what wife Heav'n design'd
To stem the tide of unavailing wo,
And own th' unerring hand that dealt the blow.



DESCRIPTION

OF A

BATTLE.

BY
ROBERT BROWN,

CORPORAL

IN THE

COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

*I hate that Drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round,
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And Widows' tears, and Orphan's moans,
And all that Misery's band bestows.
To swell the catalogue of human woes.*

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

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DESCRIPTION

BATTLE

DESCRIPTION



BATTLE

THE trumpet sounds, the hollow drums beat loud
From camp to camp the signal of alarm,
Or call to arms; when from his turfy bed
The slumb'ring soldier springs, as with new life
Invigorated: quick as sound can fly
The long-extended line, o'er hill and dale,
Is form'd complete: the glittering squadrons stand
Array'd in order, while the neighing steeds,
Champing their bridles, paw the trembling ground
With fierceness: next, the firm battallions stand
In prospect far, with closed files exact,
And squared sections; nicely taught to wheel,
To close, to open, break, or form, as time,
Or place, or circumstance requires, or move
With ported arms, with firm and awful state,

To charge the wavering foe. With brazen front,
 And open mouth, the loud artillery stands
 Ready for action; every mind suspense,
 And silent all, impatient, on the wing
 Of ardent hope, awaiting the command
 To move to glorious victory or death.

The word is given: swift as the lightning's glance,
 Throughout the armed host the signal flies.
 Hope brightens every face, and honour's call
 Quickens each pulse, and braces every nerve:
 All in a moment, that extended line,
 Whose burnish'd arms and thickening ranks appear'd
 One long-continued ridge of glittering war,
 Assumes a thousand shapes; here squadrons join,
 And, forming cube, in darkning clouds advance,
 Scorning resistance; or in loose array
 Traverse the wide extremes: there columns wheel
 To different points deceptive, which full oft
 Delude the doubtful foe; while some advance
 With open front, and brave them to their teeth.

But now the roaring cannon loud proclaims
 The armies met, and here and there are seen
 One wounded fall, or struck with instant death,
 While the loud thunder, and the whistling sound
 Of missive ruin, threatens all around
 With instant dissolution. Now a short
 And thrilling pang of horror rushes through
 Each heart, which, startled at the sudden view
 Of death, shrinks back, uncertain of its fate:
 But sweet enlivening hope, and the mix'd noise

Of busy action, soon dispel all fear;
 And thousands, dead or dying, under foot
 Are trampled o'er, or left without concern.

The scene is various, some on even ground,
 On foaming steeds, with sword and helmet arm'd,
 Squadron with squadron in fierce conflict meet,
 And shake the solid ground; each singles out
 His fierce opponent, and with vigorous arm
 Wards off, or deals about him, wounds and death.
 Others entrench'd, secure in their own strength,
 Launch forth terrestrial thunderbolts and showers
 Of iron hail among our fearless ranks
 With wide destruction; but Britannia's sons,
 Ill brooking such repulse, and nothing aw'd
 By what appears in the forbidding shape
 Of difficulty or danger, but the more
 The hazard; so much more the glory won
 By the success, with innate courage fir'd
 They still press forward through the fiery storm
 Up to the cannon's mouth; nor trench, nor mound,
 Nor barricado strong, lin'd with the points
 Of threatening bayonets, can now arrest
 Their fierce career, till driven back, confus'd,
 The vanquish'd quickly to the victors yield.

Behold again, on the extended plain,
 Army 'gainst army rang'd in proud array,
 And, with a firm majestic pace, advance
 Indignant front to front! With watchful eye
 Each views the other, in each halt, or wheel,
 Or doubtful evolution; where with most

Advantage to relax, when change the form,
 Or where concentrate: now with sudden stroke
 The whizzing ball, from brazen cannon flung,
 Cuts off a file at once, or lops a limb,
 Tearing the ground in dreadful furrows long;
 While all impatient, on a near approach
 Volleys of thunder burst from either side
 With sudden blaze, soon answered fire with fire;
 Nothing can now be seen but rolling smoke,
 Whose towering columns dark blot out the sun,
 Mingled with sulph'rous flame; nothing is heard
 But one continued roar from numerous arms
 Of smaller calibre, with sudden bursts
 Tremendous from the wide and burning throats
 Of huge artillery; at intervals
 The piercing shrieks and groans of dying men,
 And mangled wretches weltering in their gore,
 Affail the ear, and for a moment fill
 The mind with horror; but the tumult strange,
 The fierce contention, and the stunning din
 Of arms, give no admision now to cool
 Reflection: he, whose merit, birth, or gold,
 Have rais'd to high command, had need employ
 His keenest intellects to watch the eye
 Of giddy Fortune, and to make the best
 Both of her frowns and smiles; as for the rest,
 Whose duty is obedience, they, employ'd
 In the fierce conflict, think of nothing more,
 Than how defend themselves, or how destroy
 Their adversaries; and, like some complex,
 Complete machinery, they work, or stop,
 Or turn, as the high guiding hand directs.

But now the raging fury of the war
 Increases more and more; in doubtful scale
 The vict'ry hangs suspended; Fate supreme
 With-holds his last decisive nod, while each
 Tries their own strength; and now their horrid fronts
 Approach each other with undaunted brow,
 Breathing defiance in loud thunder storms,
 And belching fire and smoke, which as a cloud
 Of nitrous fume obscure them round about.
 Infernal shade! while clambering o'er the heaps
 Of breathless trunks, procumbent on the ground,
 The flaming edge of battle almost joins
 In dreadful contact; when, behold, the scene
 Is quickly chang'd; the bellowing thunder now
 Ceases to roar, and a short calm succeeds
 Prophetic of more sanguinary deeds
 To follow soon: with ardent vigor fir'd,
 And fierce impatience now to end the fray,
 They quick, with aggravated fury, rush
 Together point to point; each glittering spear
 With nervous arm is plunged in the foe,
 And, recking from the wound, repeats again
 The fatal stroke on all that dare oppose,
 With sanguinary rage; 'till overcome,
 The vanquish'd enemy their arms renounce,
 And prostrate crave for mercy: O ye sons
 Of British race, or who for Britain's cause
 Unsheath the sword, let mercy triumph now
 Nor stain your dear-bought honour with the blood
 Of unarm'd captives. Matchless in the field
 'Gainst equal numbers, from whatever part
 Around the globe selected; fam'd for strength

And courage 'mongst the gazing nations round;
 So also let your generous bosoms glow
 With pity and benevolence to these,
 Your humble suppliants. Let others, fierce
 As hungry tygers, fiends in human shape,
 With hellish rancor murder in cold blood
 Those whom the fate of war to them subjects;
 Your's be the godlike glory of forgiving.

But now behold a solemn, awful scene
 Presents itself to view: the stunning noise
 And clamor of the war is hush'd, and still
 As summer evening after some loud storm,
 When gentle zephyrs, whisp'ring soft and mild
 O'er the smooth lake, or flowery field, or through
 The verdant groves, scarce move the trembling leaves,
 O'er all the ensanguin'd field thick scatter'd lie
 The mangled dead, in all the horrid forms
 Contortion and the fierce convulsive pangs
 Of death had thrown them in. Some still alive,
 But tortur'd with their wounds, and suff'ring death
 A thousand times, with faint but earnest voice
 Beseeching some kind hand to end their pain
 And wretched life together. Others, borne
 With tender care from off the field, in hopes
 Of life and health, prolong in lingering pain
 Their cheerless days; and oft for months, for years,
 Beheld with scorn, and answer'd with disdain,
 Imploring from the proud but sparing hand
 Of affluence, of those in whose defence
 They spilt their blood, and sacrific'd their health,
 A few superfluous crumbs; yet even of that

Are oft deny'd, and preference given to dogs!
 Say ye, who best can tell, what is the cause,
 Why that despis'd, though useful race of men,
 Whose youth, whose manhood, even to grey old age,
 Is spent to serve their country and their king,
 Should meet with such contempt from every age
 And rank of men, that even a beggar's child
 Is taught to scorn a common soldier's name?
 That such possess a soul, or that its powers
 Extend beyond the gross and narrow bounds
 Of the five senses, is to some a doubt,
 Whose knowledge shines throughout the wond'ring world
 In golden characters, and, when they die,
 If such must die, wisdom with them expires.

Behold the field—there, oft without the pomp
 And pageantry of funeral obsequies,
 The rich, the poor, the wise, the fool, are laid
 Together in one common bed, to mix
 Without distinction with their mother earth.
 Here all ambition, all contention cease;
 And they whose raging fury nothing less
 Than each the other's life could once appease,
 Now silently together rest in peace.



FINIS.



CHEVY-CHACE.

AN

ANCIENT BALLAD.

- 1 GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safetyes all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall;
- 2 To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne,
The hunting of that day.
- 3 The stout earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottissh woods
Three summer days to take;
- 4 The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and beare away.
These tydings to earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay:
- 5 Who sent earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport.
The English earl not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort;
- 6 With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All chofen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede,
To aime their shafts aright.
- 7 The gallant grey hounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow-deere!
On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere day-light did appeare;



- 8 And long before high noone they had
 An hundred fat buckes slaine;
 Then having din'd, the drovers went
 To rouze them up againe.
- 9 The bow-men mustered on the hills,
 Well able to endure;
 Their backslides all, with speciall care,
 That day were guarded sure.
- 10 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
 The nimble deere to take,
 And with their cryes the hills and dales
 An eccho shrill did make.
- 11 Lord Percy to the quarry went,
 To view the tender deere;
 Quoth he, earl Douglas promised
 This day to meeete me heere:
- 12 But if I thought he would not come,
 No longer wold I stay.
 With that a brave younge gentleman
 Thus to the earl did saye;
- 13 Loe yonder doth earl Douglas come,
 His men in armour bright;
 Full twenty hundred Scottish speares
 All marching in our fight;
- 14 All men of pleasant Tivydale,
 Fast by the river Tweede:
 Then cease your sport, earl Percy said,
 And take your bowes with speede:
- 15 And now with me, my countrymen,
 Your courage forth advance;
 For never was there champion yet,
 In Scotland or in France;

- 16 That ever did on horsebacke come,
 But if my hap it were
 I durst encounter man for man,
 With him to breake a speare.
- 17 Earl Douglas on a milke-white steede
 Most like a baron bold,
 Rode foremost of his company,
 Whose armour shone like gold:
- 18 Show me, sayd he, whose men you bee,
 That hunt foe boldly heere,
 That, without my consent, doe chase
 And kill my fallow-deere?
- 19 The man that first did answer make,
 Was noble Percy hee;
 Who sayd, we list not to declare,
 Nor shew whose men wee bee:
- 20 Yet will wee spend our deereest blood,
 Thy cheefest harts to slay.
 Then Douglas swore a solemn oathe,
 And thus in rage did say,
- 21 Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
 One of us two shall dye:
 I know thee well, an earl thou art;
 Lord Percy foe am I.
- 22 But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
 And great offence to kill
 Any of these our harmlesse men,
 For they have done no ill.
- 23 Let thou and I the battell trye,
 And set our men aside.
 Accurs'd bee hee, lord Percy sayd,
 By whome this is deny'd.
- 24 Then stept a gallant squire forth,
 Witherington was his name,
 Who said, I wold not have it told
 To Henry our King for shame.

- 25 That e'er my captaine fought on foote,
 And I stood looking on.
 You bee two earls, sayd Witherington,
 And I a squire alone:
- 26 I'll doe the best that doe I may,
 While I have pow'r to stand.
 While I have power to weeld my sword,
 I'll fight with heart and hand.
- 27 Our English archers bent their bowes,
 Their hearts were good and trew;
 At the first flight of arrowes sent,
 Full threescore Scots they flew.
- 28 To drive the deere with hound and horne,
 Earl Douglas had the bent;
 Two captaines mov'd with mickle pride,
 Their speares to shivers went.
- 29 They clos'd full fast on everye side,
 Noe slackness there was found;
 And many a gallant gentleman
 Lay gasping on the ground.
- 30 O Christ! it was a grieve to see,
 And likewise for to heare,
 The cries of men lying in their gore,
 And scatter'd here and there.
- 31 At last these two stout earles did meet,
 Like captaines of great might;
 Like lyons wood, they layd on load,
 And made a cruell fight:
- 32 They fought untill they both did sweat,
 With swords of temper'd steele;
 Untill the blood, like drops of rain,
 They trickling down did feele.
- 33 Yield thee, lord Percy, Douglas sayd;
 In faith I will thee bring,
 Where thou shalt high advanced bee
 By James our Scottish king:

- 34 Thy ranfome I will freely give,
 And thus report of thee,
 Thou art the moſt couragious knight
 That ever I did ſee.
- 35 Noe, Douglas, quoth earl Percy then,
 Thy proffer I do ſerne;
 I will not yeeld to any Scott
 That ever yet was borne.
- 36 With that, there came an arrow keene
 Out of an Engliſh bow,
 Which ſtrucke earl Douglas to the heart,
 A deepe and deadlye blow:
- 37 Who never ſpoke more words than theſe,
 Fight on, my merry men all;
 For why, my life is at end;
 Lord Percy ſees my fall.
- 38 Then leaving life, earl Percy tooke
 The dead man by the hand;
 And ſaid, earl Douglas, for thy life
 Wold I had loſt my land.
- 39 O Chriſt! my very heart doth bleed,
 With ſorrow for thy ſake;
 For ſure, a more renowned knight
 Miſchance did never take.
- 40 A knight amongſt the Scotts there was,
 Which ſaw earl Douglas dye,
 Who ſtreight in wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the lord Percy:
- 41 Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,
 Who, with a ſpeare moſt bright,
 Well-mounted on a gallant ſteed,
 Ran fiercely through the fight;

- 42 And past the English archers all,
 Without all dread or feare;
 And thro' earl Percy's body then
 He thrust his hatefull speare;
- 43 With such a vehement force and might
 He did his body gore,
 The speare went through the other side
 A large cloth-yard, and more.
- 44 So thus did both these nobles dye,
 Whose courage none could staine:
 An English archer then perceiv'd
 The noble earl was slaine;
- 45 He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree;
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long
 Up to the head drew hee;
- 46 Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
 So right the shaft he sett,
 The grey goose-wing that was thereon,
 In his heart's blood was wett.
- 47 This fight did last from breake of day,
 Till setting of the sun;
 For when they rung the evening-bell,
 The battel scarce was done.
- 48 With brave earl Percy, there was slaine
 Sir John of Ogerton,†
 Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
 Sir James that bold baron;
- 49 And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
 Both knights of good account,
 Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slaine,
 Whose prowesse did surmount.

† The names here seem to be corrupted from the old copy.

- 50 For Witherington needs must I wayle
 As one in doleful dumpes; †
 For when his leggs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his stumpes.
- 51 And with earl Douglas, there was slaine
 Sir Hugh Mountgomery;
 Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
 One foote wold never flee.
- 52 Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
 His sister's sonne was hee;
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
 Yet saved cold not bee.
- 53 And the lord Maxwell in like case
 Did with earl Douglas dye;
 Of twenty hundred Scottish speares,
 Scarce fifty-five did flye.
- 54 Of fifteen hundred English men,
 Went home but fifty-three;
 The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chace,
 Under the green woode tree.
- 55 Next day did many widowes come,
 Their husbands to bewayle;
 They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
 But all wold not prevayle.
- 56 Their bodyes, bath'd in purple gore,
 They bare with them away;
 They kist them dead a thousand times,
 When they were cladd in clay.
- 57 This news was brought to Edenborrow,
 Where Scotlands king did rayne,
 That brave earl Douglas suddenlye
 Was with an arrow slaine:

† i. e. "I as one in deep concern must lament." The
 construction here has generally been misunderstood.

- 58 O heavy news, king James did say,
Scotland can witnesse bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee.
- 59 Like tydings to king Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chace.
- 60 Now God be with him, said our king,
Sith it will no better bee;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee:
- 61 Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take,
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave earl Percy's sake.
- 62 This vow full well the king perform'd
After, on Humbledowne;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
With lords of great renowne:
- 63 And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousand dye;
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
Made by the earl Percy.
- 64 God save the king, and blest this land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

FINIS.

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THE
EARL'S DEFEAT:
A
BACCHANALIAN PARODY
ON THE
CELEBRATED ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
CHEVY CHACE.

To which is added,
THE HAPPY SHEPHERD:

A SONG.

*Let thou and I, in bumpers full,
This grand affair decide;
Accurs'd be he, duke Wharton said,
By whom it is denied.*



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THE EARL'S DEFEAT:

A BACCHANALIAN PARODY

ON THE

BALLAD OF CHEVY CHACE.



Tune—*Chevy Chase.*

I.

GOD prosper long from being broke
The Luck† of Eden Hall,
A doleful drinking-bout I sing,
There lately did befall.

II.

To chase the spleen with cup and can
Duke Philip took his way,
Babes yet unborn shall never see
The like of such a day.

III.

The stout and ever-thirsty duke
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure within Cumberland
Three live-long nights to take.

† *A pint bumper at Sir Christopher Musgrave's.*

IV.

Sir Musgrave too of Martindale,
 A true and worthy knight,
 Right soon with him a bargain made,
 In drinking to delight.

V.

The bumpers swiftly pass about,
 Six in a hand went round;
 And with their calling for more wine,
 They made the hall resound.

VI.

Now when these merry tidings reach'd
 The earl of Harold's ears,
 And am I (quoth he, with an oath)
 Thus slighted by my peers?

VII.

Saddle my steed, bring forth my boots;
 I'll be with them right quick;
 And, master sheriff, come you too;
 We'll know this scurvy trick.

VIII.

Lo! yonder doth earl Harold come;
 (Did one at table say;)
 'Tis well, replied the mettle duke,
 How will he get away?

IX.

When thus the earl began, Great duke,
 I'll know how this did chance,
 Without inviting me, sure this
 You did not learn in France.

X.

One of us two, for this offence,
 Under the board shall lie ;
 I know thee well, a duke thou art,
 So some years hence shall I.

XI.

But trust me, Wharton, pity it were,
 So much good wine to spill,
 As these companions here may drink,
 Ere they have had their fill.

XII.

Let thou and I, in bumpers full,
 This grand affair decide ;
 Accurs'd be he, duke Wharton said,
 By whom it is denied.

XIII.

To Andrews and to Hotham fair,
 Many a pint went round,
 And many a gallant gentleman
 Lay sick upon the ground.

XIV.

When, at the last, the duke espied
 He had the earl secure ;
 He plied him with a full pint glass,
 Which laid him on the floor.

XV.

Who never spoke more words than these,
 After he downward sunk,
 My worthy friends, revenge my fall,
 Duke Wharton fees me drunk.

XVI.

Then, with a groan, duke Philip took
 The sick man by the joint,
 And said, earl Harold 'stead of thee,
 Would I had drunk the pint.

XVII.

Alack ! my very heart doth bleed,
 And doth within me sink,
 For surely a more sober earl
 Did never swallow drink.

XVIII.

With that the sheriff, in a rage,
 To see the earl so smit,
 Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk peer
 Upon renown'd fir Kit.

XIX.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'squire forth,
 Of visage thin and pale,
 Lloyd was his name, and of Gang-Hall,
 Fast by the river Swale.

XX.

Who said he would not have it told,
 Where Eden river ran,
 That unconcern'd he should sit by;
 So, sheriff, I'm your man.

XXI.

Now when these tidings reach'd the room,
 Where the duke lay in bed,
 How that the 'squire suddenly
 Upon the floor was laid.

XXII.

O heavy tidings! (quoth the duke)
 Cumberland witness be,
 I have not any toper more,
 Of such account as he.

XXIII.

Like tidings to earl Thanet came,
 Within as short a space,
 How that the under-sheriff too
 Was fallen from his place.

XXIV.

Now God be with him (said the earl)
Sith 'twill no better be,
I trust I have within my town,
As drunken knights as he.

XXV.

Of all the number that were there,
Sir Bains he scorn'd to yield;
But with a bumper in his hand,
He stagger'd o'er the field.

XXVI.

Thus did this dire contention end;
And each man of the slain,
Were quickly carried off to bed,
Their senses to regain.

XXVII.

God bless the king, the duchess fat,
And keep the land in peace,
And grant that drunkenness henceforth
'Mong noblemen may cease.

XXVIII.

And likewise bless our royal prince,
The nation's other hope,
And give us grace for to defy
The Devil and the Pope.

THE
HAPPY SHEPHERD:

A SONG.



I.

I ENVY not the mighty great,
Those powerful rulers of the state,
Who settle nations as they please,
And govern at th' expence of ease.

II.

Far happier the shepherd swain,
Who daily drudges on the plain,
And nightly in some humble shed
On rushy pillows lays his head.

III.

No curs'd ambition breaks his rest,
No factious wars divide his breast:
His flock, his pipe, and artless Fair,
Are all his hope, and all his care.



FIVE
FAVOURITE
SONGS,
SCOTS AND ENGLISH.

BY
VARIOUS AUTHORS.

*When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was i' the black velvet,
And I mysel in cramoisie.*

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ONE MORNING VERY EARLY.

Said to have been written in Bedlam,

BY A NEGRO.



AIR.—GRAMACHREE.

I.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,
 I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing;
 Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus
 sung she,
 I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

II.

O cruel were his parents, who sent my Love to sea,
 And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my Love from me:
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his, although they've
 ruin'd me;
 And I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

III.

O should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the sky,
 I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my Love to fly;
 To guard him from all dangers, how happy should I be!
 For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

IV.

I'll make a flow'ry garland, I'll make it wondrous fine;
 With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;
 And I'll present it to my Love when he returns from sea;
 For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

V.

Oh, if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast!
 Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest!
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be;
 For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

VI.

Oh, if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky!
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love might
 spy;
 But ah, unhappy maiden! that Love you ne'er shall see;
 Yet I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

VERSES FROM THE DUENNA,

TO THE FOREGOING AIR.

I.

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd, I ne'er could injure
 you;
 For though your tongue no promise claim'd, your charms
 would make me true;
 To you no soul shall bear deceit, nor stranger offer wrong,
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and lovers in the
 young.

II.

But when they learn, that you have blest another with
 your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest, and act a brother's part:
 Then, lady, dread not their deceit, nor fear to suffer wrong;
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and brothers in the
 young.

O WALY WALY, &c.

I.

O Waly waly up the bank,
 And waly waly down the brae,
 And waly waly yon burn-side,
 Where I and my love went to gae.

II.

I leant my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty trier;
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,
 Say my true love did lightly me.

III.

O waly waly love is bonny,
 A little time while it is new;
 But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,
 And fades awa' like morning-dew,

IV.

O wherefore shu'd I busk my head?
 O wherefore shu'd I kame my hair?
 For my true love has me forfook,
 And says he'll never loe me mair.

V.

Now Arthur-seat fall be my bed,
 The sheets fall neir be warm'd by me;
 Saint Anton's well fall be my drink,
 Since my true love's forsaken me.

VI.

Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves aff the trie?
 O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?
 For of my life I am wearie.

VII.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
 'Tis not sick cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

VIII.

When we came in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely sight to see;
 My love was i' the black velvet,
 And I myself in cramasie.

IX.

But had I wist before I kist,
 That love had been fae ill to win,
 I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
 And pin'd it wi' a filler pin.

X.

Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I myself were dead and gone,
 For a maid again I'll never be

ENGLISH VERSES, BY THOMSON,

TO THE FOREGOING AIR.

I.
HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely list'ning plain.

II.
Oh, when she blesses next your shade,
Oh, when her footsteps next are seen,
In flow'ry tracks along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green.

III.
Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

IV.
O, tell her what she cannot blame,
Though fear my tongue must ever bind;
Oh, tell her, that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

V.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
 With chaster tenderness his care,
 Nor purer her own wishes rise,
 Not holier her own sighs in pray'r.

VI.

But if, at first, her virgin fear
 Should start at love's suspected name,
 With that of friendship soothe her ear—
 True love and friendship are the same.

THE NIGHT HER SILENT, &c.

AIR.—SHE ROSE AND LOOT ME IN.

I.

THE night her silent sable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies;
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
 Than those in Nelly's eyes.

II.

When to her father's door I came,
 Where I had often been,
 I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,
 To rise and let me in.

III.

But she, with accents all divine,
 Did my fond suit reprove;
 And while she chid my rash design,
 She but inflam'd my love.

IV.

Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
 While her bright eyes did roll;
 But virtue only had the pow'r
 To charm my very soul.

V.

Then who would cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part!
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart.

VI.

My eager fondness I obey'd,
 Resolv'd she should be mine,
 Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
 My treasure so divine.

VII.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
 Transporting is my joy;
 No greater blessing can I prove;
 So bless'd a man am I.

VIII.

For beauty may a while retain
 The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,
 But virtue only is the chain
 Holds never to depart.

F I N I S.



THE
FARMER'S INGLE.

A SCOTTISH POEM.

BY

^S
ROBERT FERGUSON.

To which are added,

POETICAL REVERIES,

ON

SEEING CHILDREN AT PLAY,

AND

AN EPIGRAM.

GLASGOW:

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FARMER'S INGLE.



A SCOTTISH POEM.

I.

WHAN glooming grey out o'er the welkin keeks,
 Whan *Batie* ca's his owfen to the byre,
 Whan *Thrasber John*, fair dung, his barn-dore steeks,
 And lussy lasses at the dighting tire:
 What bangs fu' leal the e'enings coming cauld,
 And gars snaw-tapit winter freeze in vain;
 Gars dowie mortals look baith blyth and bauld,
 Nor fley'd wi' a' the poortith o' the plain;
 Begin, my Muse, and chant in hamely strain.

II.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the-hill,
 Wi' *divets* theekit frae the weet and drift,
 Sods, peats, and *beath'ry trufs* the chimley fill,
 And gar their thick'ning smeeek salute the lift;
 The *gudeman*, new come hame, is blyth to find,
 Whan he out o'er the *balland* flings his een,
 That ilka turn is handled to his mind,
 That a' his housie looks sa coth and clean;
 For cleanly house loes he, tho' e'er sae mean.

III.

Weel kens the *guidwife* that the pleughs require;
 A heartsome *meltitb*, and refreshing synd;
 O' nappy liquor, o'er a bleezing fire:
 Sair-wark and poortith douna-weel be join'd.
 Wi' butter'd *bannocks* now the *girdle* reeks;
 I' the far nook the *boovie* briskly reams;
 The readied *kail* stands by the chimley checks,
 And had the riggin het wi' welcome streams;
 Whilk than the daintiest kitchen nicer seems.

IV.

Frae this lat gentler gabs a lesson lear;
 Wad they to labouring lend an eident hand,
 They'd rax sell strang-upo' the simplest fare,
 Nor find their *stamacks* ever at a stand.
 Fu' hale and healthy wad they pass the day,
 At night in calmest slumbers dose fu' sound,
 Nor doctor need their weery life to spae,
 Nor drops their noddle and their sense confound,
 Till death slip sleely on, and gie the hindmost wound.

V.

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed
 By Caledonia's ancestors been done;
 By this did mony a wight fu' weirlike bleed
 In *brulzies* frae the dawn to set o' sun;
 'Twas this that brac'd their *gardies*, stiff an' strang,
 That bent the deadly yew in ancient days,
 Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird alang,
 Gar'd Scottish *thrifles* bang the Roman bays;
 For near our *crest* their heads they doughtna raise.

VI.

The couthy cracks begin whan supper's o'er,
 The cheering *bicker* gars them glibly gash
 O' simmer's *flowery* blinks and winter's four,
 Whase floods did erst thair mailin's produce hafl.
 'Bout *kirk* an' *market* eke their tales gae on,
 How *Jock* woo'd *Jenny* here to be his bride,
 And there how *Marion*, for a bastart son,
 Upo' the *catty-stool* was forc'd to ride,
 'The waefu' scald o' our *Mess* *John* to bide.

VII.

The sient a chiep's amang the barnies now,
 For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane;
 Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin' mou,
 Grumble and greet, and make an unco mane,
 In rangles round before the ingle's low,
 Frae *Gudame's* mouth auld warld tale they hear,
 O' *Warlocks* loupin' round the *Wirrikers*,
 O' gaisls that win in glen and kirk-yard drear,
 Whilk touzles a' their tap, and gars them shake wi' fear.

VIII.

For weel she trows that fiends and fairies be
 Sent frae the de'il to fleetch us to our ill;
 That ky hae tint their milk wi' evil eie,
 And corn been scowder'd on the glowing kill,
 O mock na this, my friends! but rather mourn,
 Ye' in life's brawest spring wi' reason clear,
 'Wi' eild our idle *fancies* a' return,
 And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear;
 The mind's ay *cradled* whan the *grave* is near.

IX.

Yet *thrift*, industrious, bides her latest days,
 Tho' age her fair dow'd front wi' *runkles* wave,
 Yet frae the rufflet lap the *spindle* plays,
 Her e'ning stent reels she as weel's the lave.
 On some feast-day, the *wee things* buskit braw
 Shall heeze her heart up wi' a silent joy,
 Fu' caidgie that her head was up and saw
 Her ain spun cleething on a darling oy,
 Careless tho' death shou'd mak the feast her foy.

X.

In its auld *terroch* yet the *deas* remains,
 Where the gudeman aft streaks him at his ease,
 A warm and canny lean for weary banes
 O' lab'ers doil'd upo' the wintry lease:
 Round him will *badrins* and the *colly* come,
 To wag their tail, and cast a thankfu' eie
 To him wha kindly flings them mony a crum
 O' kebbock whang'd, and dainty fadge to prie;
 This'a boon they crave, and a' the fee.

XI.

Frae him the *lads* their morning counsel tak,
 What stacks he wants to thrash, what rigs to til;
 How big a birn maun lie on *bassie's* back,
 For meal and multure to the *thirling mill*.
 Neist the gudewife her hireling damfels bids
 Glour thro' the byre, and see the hawkies bound,
 Take tent case *Crummy* tak her wonted tids,
 And ca' the laiglen's treasure on the ground,
 Whilk spills a *kebbock* nice, or yellow pound.

XII.

Then a' the house for sleep begins to grieve,
 Their joints to slack frae industry a while;
 The leaden god fa's heavy on their ein,
 And hafflin steeks them frae their daily toil:
 The cruizy too can only blink and bleer,
 The restit ingle's done the maist it dower;
 Tackfman and cottar eke to bed maun steer,
 Upo' the cod to clear their drumly pow,
 Till waken'd by the dawning's ruddy glow.

XIII.

Peace to the husbandman and a' his tribe,
 Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year!
 Lang may his sock and couter turn the gleyb!
 And bauks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear!
 May SCOTIA's summers; ay look gay and green,
 Her yellow har'ft frae scowry blasts decreed!
 May a' her tenants sit fu' snug and bein,
 Frae the hard grip o' ails and poortith freed,
 And a lang lasting train o' peaceful hours succeed!



POETICAL REVERIES,

ON

SEEING CHILDREN AT PLAY.

SEE how those infants skip and play,
So heedless, innocent, and gay!

Their thoughts nor past nor future share;

The present only is their care;

No griefs their tender breasts annoy,

No sad forebodings damp their joy,

Although the flow'ry paths they tread

To Sorrow's weeping sources lead!

Our woes as yet to them unknown,

Though destin'd soon to be their own;

Still ignorant that pain and strife

Await them on the stage of life,

Where innocence is no defence

Against the world's malevolence;

For, Envy preys on worth and fame,

And crimes of justice take the name;

While passion, ignorance, and pride,

In reason's stead, presume to guide;

Where none unpunish'd can do good;

Or put to shame ingratitude

(That vice, to tigers yet unknown,

Belongs, alas! to man alone;)

Where love of pow'r and thirst of gain

O'er all the better passions reign;

For wealth is courted, want despis'd,

And modest merit tyranniz'd;

Where lasting ease and prospects fair
 Are Folly's castles, built in air;
 Since even Hope, our latest friend,
 But soothes to cheat us in the end;
 Where Love itself, delightful guest!
 So welcome to the youthful breast,
 A tyrant proves, with boundless sway,
 That drives our joy and peace away;
 Whilst other pleasures of our prime,
 Repeated pall, or cease with time,
 Though each infirmity appears
 To grow or strengthen with our years;
 Till life itself begins to cloy,
 And death succeeds departed joy.
 These ills, their lot, ah! did they know,
 Say, would these children gambol so?

E P I G R A M.

"TWIXT John and his Wife, in lieu of affection,
 Perpetual contests arose;
 In judgment and taste each assumed the direction,
 And both were proceeding to blows:
 When John exclaimed, Hold!—my error I see,
 Your argument's weighty and true;
 You have taste,—for in marriage you made choice of me;
 I have none,—for I made choice of you.

F I N I S.



